The Outlook

JANUARY 24, 1923

A TOWN ON TRIAL

THE open hearing that has been going on in the court-house at Bastrop, Louisiana, near the scene of the Mer Rouge murders, is neither a trial of individuals charged with murder nor a Grand Jury hearing to find indictments. It is a judicial investigation, presided over by a judge, having power to compel witnesses to attend, and conducted under the direction of the Louisiana State's Attorney.

Such a legal proceeding is quite unusual. Whether it is directly authorized by a State law, or whether it is an extension of the general right of the State officers to inquire into crime, or whether it is based on the Napoleonic Code, which underlies Louisiana law, we do not know. At all events, it resembles the French criminal procedure, under which a *juge d'instruction* publicly examines the accused, questions him keenly and subtly, and develops the case so that the ends of justice may be forwarded when a jury trial is had. There is a strong argument for such a form of inquiry as opposed to our half-recognized and half-disowned "third degree" system of police and detectives.

This searching investigation of Mer Rouge has opened the way to what is really the pitiable spectacle of a town torn by Ku Klux and anti-Ku Klux activities, a demonstration of "invisible government" in practice. One comment describes Mer Rouge as "the Ku Klux ideal of an American village." The attempt to regulate morals (and no doubt there were bad men and women in Mer Rouge) drifted into lawless violence, into arbitrary exiling of those disapproved, then to reprisals, then to retaliation that ended in hideous murder and (if medical witnesses are right) to deliberate torture and mutilation. Before this investigation began no one knew where to look for protection; a Klan meeting was held in the very court-room in which this inquiry is conducted; men did not know whether they dared to stay in town until they asked the Grand Cyclops. One witness testified: "Until the Vigilance Committee began to send letters around there was no quieter or more peaceful community than Mer Rouge. Soon a man was pointed out as a member or not one. Suspicions arose. You did not know who your friends were."

Law and order are not always perfectly enforced; but to those towns which try the experiment of rule by "regulators" and "vigilantes" soon comes a bitter awakening.

P. & A. Photos

GUARDING THE BASTROP COURT-HOUSE WITH MACHINE GUNS

These precautions were taken to prevent a possible conflict between the Ku Klux Klan and those opposed to the Klan

THE PRESIDENT'S COAL COMMISSION REPORTS

IN the preliminary report just made by the Coal Commission, usually called the President's Fact-Finding Commission, it is notable that not alone facts, but causes and possible suggestions for improvement, are treated.

The report is signed by six members. The seventh member, Judge Alschuler, was prevented by his judicial duties from active service on the Commission, but he approves the report. We repeat here the names of the members of the Commission to recall the fact that it is composed of practical industrial leaders, experts, or fair representatives of the public at large: John Hays Hammond, Chairman; Dr. George Otis Smith, former Director of the Geological Survey; Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution;" former Vice-President Marshall; Charles P. Neill; and Dr. Edward T. Devine.

One most welcome utterance of the Commission is the statement that it "has reason to believe that an agreement will be reached in the near future that will avert any widespread cessation of mine operations in union fields on April 1." Reports to the contrary have been rife. The whole country will rejoice if the prophecy of the Commission comes true.

This report deals chiefly with the bituminous situation, except as to those things which apply with equal force to both branches of the coal industry. The Commission asks why this country, "rich beyond all other nations in its wealth of coal resources," finds its "National coal-bins too often depleted" and the prices "higher than seem warranted." One answer given is that "there has been profiteering in the industry in the sense that grossly exorbitant profits have been taken at times by many operators, brokers, and retailers; profits that have been disproportionate to the cost of the coal." This comment applies, as we understand it, particularly to the anthracite industry.

As to the bituminous industry, great stress is put upon the fact, recognized by all experts in this subject, that there has been over-development both of the mines and in the number of men employed. We produce in some years many million more tons of soft coal than are needed, and in that production perhaps two hundred thousand more miners are employed than can possibly have steady, regular work and pay month by month and year by year. Ordinarily, under the economic law of demand and supply, this excessive amount of labor would drift into other employments, but the conditions of the soft-coal fields are such that they are run on a basis of "feast and

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famine;" plenty of work and money at one time and little work, poor pay, and idleness or strikes at another.

The Commission rightly declares that there can be no lasting peace as between workers and operators unless steadier employment can be provided, and points out that so long as the railways are subjected to sudden peak loads of coal traffic at the season when the demands of agriculture and industry are at their height the transportation is insoluble. Meanwhile, it speaks with emphasis as to such strikes as that we had last year and declares that their indefinite repetition would be intolerable.

As to the increasing discussion of the possibility of nationalization of the coal industry the Commission naturally speaks only with reserve and indirectly. It does, however, recognize that the interest of the public at large in the coal industry and its dependence on coal for homes and factories raise fundamental questions of the relation of this industry to the Nation, and of "the degree to which private rights must yield to public welfare."

GARDEN SEED

ONE of the ancient privileges of our National legislators has disappeared. If no seeds come up in gardens that once blossomed, blame it not on a new parasite. The dearth of foodstuffs in the land will be due to the blight of the Budget. Once on a time Congressmen and Senators could send a package of choice garden seeds to each of their constituents, and reap political gratitude. But now—let Senator Heflin, of Alabama, tell the pathetic tale:

> Old men in the South and West, too old to do anything else much now, go to the post office in the springtime, asking if they have any mail. The postmaster says, "No." They say, "Well, about this time of year I usually get a package of seed from the Government. I am getting too old to do anything else much now, so I make a little garden, and I enjoy the garden, and my grandchildren all enjoy the vegetables produced from those seeds. Hasn't my package of seeds come yet?" "No; they have not come, Uncle Johnny." He comes back again the next day, and again. This is happening in the South and the West. Finally, the postmaster says, "Uncle Johnny, you will not get any seed this year. The Republican—"

Here appears the advantage an editor has over a Senator. He can interrupt as he pleases, and no one can call him to order. The editor interrupts to call attention to the cat in the bag. Now the Democratic Senator can proceed:

> "The Republican Congress has stricken out the item which carried a small appropriation for this purpose, and you will get no more seed from the Government." Then Uncle Johnny will shake his head and say: "Well, that is about all I have been getting for the last two or three years from the Government, while the Republicans were in power, just a little package of seed, and now they have taken that away. Why have they done that, Mr. Postmaster?"

And then the Senator continues with his two-hour speech, which he can send without cost of postage to his constituents and from which he can hope to reap as good a harvest of political gratitude as from the little packets of seeds.

It is the new Budget Law that has changed the manner of sowing political crops. The Bureau of the Budget refused to include the item for seeds in the recommendations for the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, and the committees of the Senate having the matter in hand refused to report such an item; and by the rules of the Senate an amendment to an appropriation measure which embodies new legislation is out of order, so the item could not be inserted into the bill from the Senate floor. And so ancient privilege crumbles and decays.

The omission of this item seems insignificant, for the sum involved is not large; but it is really significant, for it measures the power of the budget system over at least one form of what Plunkett, of Tammany Hall, used to call "honest graft."

THE FRENCH IN THE VALLEY OF THE RUHR

PRECISELY according to their declared intention, the French have taken possession of Germany's richest industrial district with no intention of annexation, with no intention of military subjugation, with no intention of political control, but solely as a sheriff seizes property to secure the payment of damages.

So far as any international action for applying force can be, this act of France is civilian. It is true that, to insure protection for their representatives and to see that order is preserved, France and Belgium, acting jointly, have sent into the Ruhr Valley some forty thousand troops; but there is nothing more warlike in this operation than there is in sending militia into a town to prevent rioting. According to all reports, the action has been peaceful; the ordinary life of the communities in the region continued much as usual; the whole operation has proceeded with order and system. So free from disturbance has this seizure of property been that when stones were thrown at some marching French soldiers without damage the episode was so extraordinary as to be considered news worth cabling.

A thought expressed by Senator Pepper, of Pennsylvania, must have passed through the minds of many other Americans during the first shock of surprise that the expected had happened, after all, and that the French had done what they had been saying they would do. He is reported to have declared in a speech in New York that, while Europe must not count on American guns in the readjustment of its problems, "the air will be cleared by the French occupation of the Ruhr," and that under the same circumstances it is at least thinkable that, whether wisely or unwisely, "it would not have been untrue to American type if we had done the same thing." The fact is that under a pacifist Administration we sent soldiers into Mexico under ridiculously less provocation and with ridiculously less chance of success.

In the case of France and the Ruhr, the real procedure is intrusted, not to soldiers, but to civilians. In fact, it is not accurate to say that the Ruhr has been seized by the French. What has happened is that, under the police protection of Belgium and France, coal mines and industrial plants have been taken over by civilian engineers and other experts of France, Belgium, and Italy.

It is said that you cannot squeeze blood from a turnip, that you cannot dig coal with bayonets. If there are people in France who have been expecting quick monetary returns from the Ruhr, they will probably be disappointed; but Premier Poincaré has made it clear in a public speech in the French Parliament that quick returns are not to be looked for. Certainly the Germans have done all they could to make the seizure fruitless. The Government has protested that the action of France is a breach of the Treaty of Versailles (though it does not specify how it violates it) and has ordered the suspension of the transportation of coal on the reparations account. All the papers in the headquarters of the Krupp works had been removed and all the books and office force of the German coal syndicate had been transferred to Hamburg before the French engineers reached Essen. As this district produces about sixty per cent of all the coal mined in Germany and the syndicate is the organization that distributed it, the French and Belgians will have to provide a substitute organization if possible, and that will take time. The Germans have been puzzled by the offer of the French to pay

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YOU FLOW TO GREAT DESTRUCTION

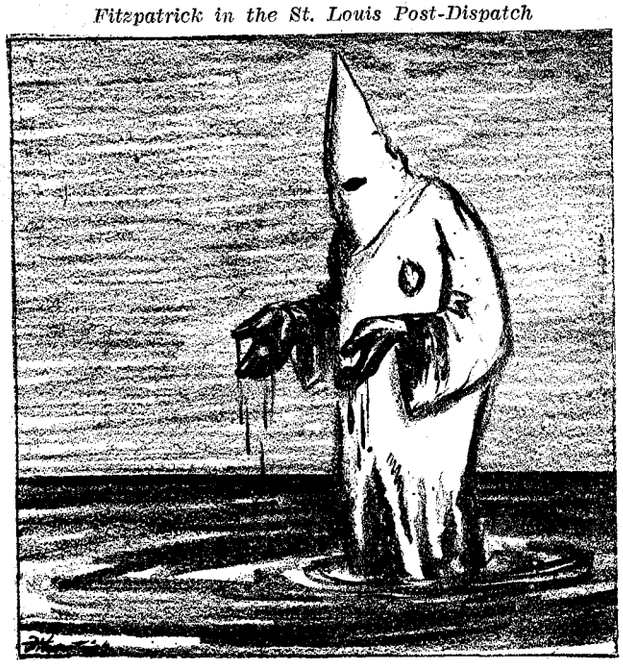
(Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Scene 2)

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

COLOSSUS

From the Rev. James H. Cloud, St. Louis, Mo.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



MER ROUGE (RED SEA)

From the Rev. James H. Cloud, St. Louis, Mo.

Darling in the Philadelphia North American

NOW FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T GO AND TRY TO DOMESTICATE A LOT OF WILDCATS AGAIN

From Mrs. E. L. Bossinger, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

A NEVER-ENDING JOB

From I. Hutchison, St. Paul, Minn.

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for coal delivered to them. They do not understand that sort of treatment. What the Germans did to the rich coal district of France around Lens and to Lens itself is quickly told: Mines rendered unworkable (some irremediably, others for ten years) and Lens reduced to a vast heap of rubbish. That is the language which the Germans used when they talked of coal to the French. They do not understand receiving an offer of money for coal, and believe there is something behind it. There probably is. Frederic William Wile, before the war a press correspondent in Germany and now in Washington, has recently stated some facts about German industrial prosperity. For example, "in pig-iron alone Germany's production has outstripped pre-war figures by forty per cent, while that of France has declined to fifty-five per cent." And he calls attention to the Dresdner Bank's tabulation of German national wealth entitled "Germany's Economic Strength," designed to show that the Germans were the wealthiest people in Europe. And, since most of the wealth cited was immobile wealth unaffected by war's ravages, it is possible, Mr. Wile suggests, that "the French generalissimo, now become bill-collector-in-chief for France, Belgium, and Italy, will have a copy of 'Deutschlands Wirtschaftsliche-Krafte' in the inside pocket of his horizon-blue tunic."

Every American who cares about the issues of the war in which his country took part, whether he thinks the occupation of the Ruhr is wise or not, will wish France and Belgium good luck.

GOOD-BY TO THE RHINE

BEFORE despatches had announced that the French had entered Essen came the unexpected news that the President had summoned all the remaining American soldiers home from Coblenz.

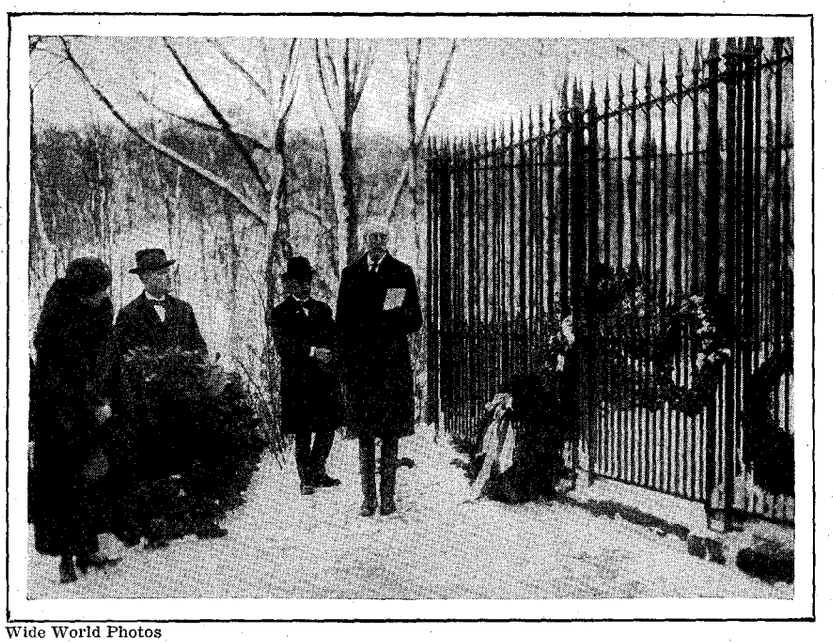
The French entered Essen in the morning of January 11. The news of the recall of the American troops was published during the afternoon of January 10.

It had been generally understood that the Administration had decided it would not be wise to recall the troops at this time. The reason, it was supposed, was that the order for the recall would be considered a rebuke to France, and that the Administration wished to avoid. Mr. Boyden, the American observer with the Reparations Commission, expressed his opinion that Germany was in default, but that too much had been asked of her. By implication, therefore, the Administration was regarded as having expressed its dissent from France's decision; but, even if that opinion did represent the Administration's view, it was very different from a rebuke to France. Nevertheless the troops have been withdrawn. The reasons for the withdrawal are stated in editorial correspondence elsewhere in this issue.

In a letter to the New York "Times" for January 13 Miss Katherine Mayo, whose stories of the Pennsylvania State Police are familiar to Outlook readers, writes of those soldiers of ours on the Rhine. She reports them as being a real and effective force for peace, a sympathetic support of the best that is in France, and a restraint upon the natural emotions of the peoples among whom they have been stationed. She represents their spokesman as giving her this message for the people in America:

> Go back home and tell the people these things—our own people, that scarcely seem to know that we exist—that scarcely seem to know that they put us here to serve them—to guard their interests to the best of our possible power—and so to serve the world.
>
> Tell them that their own prosperity is deeply dependent on the presence of our troops on the Rhine. . . .
>
> But there is a reason for our presence higher than that. . . .
>
> When we came into the great war we assumed an obligation toward humanity. That obligation is yet but half fulfilled. . . .
>
> A few thousand of us here on the Rhine can maintain what it will take a few million of the best young American lives to re-establish once it is broken—peace.

After that message was given the few thousand were first reduced to less than twelve hundred, and now the flag is to be hauled down.



Wide World Photos

THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE GRAVE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The annual pilgrimage to Oyster Bay was headed this year by Governor-elect Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, and Oscar Straus. The photograph shows Mr. Pinchot reading the message at the grave

ROOSEVELT PILGRIMAGE

JANUARY 6, the anniversary of Roosevelt's death, again found a group of his friends and associates gathered at Oyster Bay under the auspices of the Roosevelt Pilgrimage. Last year Dr. Lyman Abbott was elected permanent chairman of the gathering; this year Mr. Oscar Straus presided as chairman. Governor-elect Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, read from Roosevelt's writings at the snow-covered grave in the little hilltop cemetery. Then, at the invitation of Mrs. Roosevelt, the pilgrims went to Sagamore Hill. Lunch and an hour or more of reminiscences of Theodore Roosevelt followed. At Mrs. Roosevelt's request Hermann Hagedorn, Secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, read a poem written by Mr. William T. Perkins for the unveiling of a statue of Roosevelt as a Rough Rider in the city of Portland, Oregon. It has been printed, we believe, in the "Oregon Journal," but we think it deserves reprinting here:

THE STATUE

God give it life, that it may boldly speak
As spoke the one whose image ye have cast
In statured form heroic! Give it sight—
Far, boundless sight, that it may pierce the mists
That overhang a world dismayed, distraught—
And seeing, speak, though silent. Give it voice—
A clarion voice to thrill a people's soul
And garner from the immemorial years
The storied deeds of those who nobly wrought
To build a nation's bulwarks, firm and sure.

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Behold! Uncover! Place the laurel wreath
And stand where millions yet to come shall stand
In silent tribute. Bare thine inmost heart
And grant the spirit of the one who lived
Shall touch with puissant hand thy waiting brow,
And lo! from out thy very soul there springs
New love—new love for man and mother-land!

Imperishable bronze! How like thy prototype!
Seasons shall come and go; the gusty rain
Shall beat upon thy massive front; the sun
Shall cast its searching flame upon thy brow,
But thou shalt still endure; for in the upper airs,
Eager and unafraid, there watches still
Soul of the one who died—the one who lives!

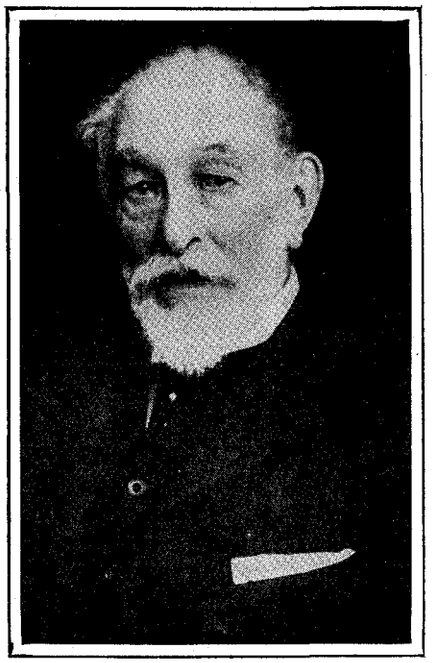
Hail! Thrice, thrice hail, but not farewell!
Thy spirit still lives on and still shall guide
A mighty nation in its onward sweep
Through all the innumerable days that yet shall be!
. . . . . .
What seest thou, spirit bold? Seest thou the surge
Of far, illimitable prairie roll and break
Against the rugged peak? A tropic hill
Whose crest sends leaden death? A stately dome
Upreared against the sky? Seest thou a bay
Where mournful breakers roll?
An alien valley, where the eagle fell?

Though it falls to the lot of only a comparatively few to make this annual pilgrimage to the grave and Sagamore Hill, those who go feel that their journey symbolizes the wishes of thousands upon thousands who are with them in spirit if not in person.

FREDERIC HARRISON

Frederic Harrison, who has just died in England at the age of ninety-one, was a "character." He will be remembered, not because of the permanency of his contributions to literature, or even to thought, but because of the tang and flavor of his personality.

Few contemporary Englishmen have either absorbed or radiated a greater university atmosphere. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford, and received honorary degrees in both law and literature from Oxford, Cambridge, and Aberdeen. He was a barrister; a Professor of Jurisprudence; a historian; and a student and critic of religion and philosophy. In the realm of religion he was best known as a Positivist; that is to say, he was a highly ethical agnostic. None of his writings is likely to remain permanently in the mind of the general reader, although they will always have a respectable, if not an honored, place in university libraries. His real interest was in life, and not in literature, and his real function was that of a critic of current manners and morals. In his long career he knew intimately, not only social and political movements, but the leaders of those movements, and he wrote and talked about them with a zest, a liveliness, and sometimes with a sting that arrested the attention. He was a stimulator of others, rather than a creator himself. In this respect he was a real figure in the Victorian period which produced his friends Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, Tennyson, Carlyle, and Anthony Trollope.



Underwood

FREDERIC HARRISON

In addition to his singularly active intellect, he was notable on the physical side. Any man who lives to the advanced age of ninety-one in possession of his faculties is a man of mark. Frederic Harrison was a mountain climber, a walker, and is said to have read the Greek dramatists in the original up to within a short time of his death without the aid of glasses and to have played tennis after he had reached the age of fourscore.

The death of such a man ought not to pass unnoticed. His contemporaries owed him much as a man of the highest intellectual and moral standards. He was constantly urging on his fellows to do their best. We think, however, that his contribution was almost wholly to contemporary life, and that posterity, excepting so far as it rummages in the records and libraries of universities, will not get much from it. His life was certainly not a failure, but it was pathetic because he ardently desired to make some creative additions to the literature of civilization and failed. In the life of the intellect he was Jack-of-all-trades, and a first-class master of none. But he added a lively interest to the passing show, and for this his countrymen ought to be, and doubtless are, grateful.

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

Pierce Butler has taken the oath of Justice of the Supreme Court and is sitting on the bench of that greatest of all tribunals.

Seldom in the history of our country has an appointment to the Supreme bench encountered opposition so bitter. In Minnesota, the State of his residence, popular feeling against Mr. Butler has been widespread and intense. There is no question of his ability as a lawyer, or, if there is, it is not well founded; even severe critics of the appointment of him to the Supreme bench acknowledge that in legal ability he probably ranks with the average Justice. It is, however, declared that he was never the strongest member of the Minnesota bar and that outside a small district in St. Paul he could not be elected to any office of the State. Minnesota has long been progressive in temperament. It cast its electoral vote for Roosevelt and wavered between Hughes and Wilson. It has sent to the Senate a man regarded as almost a radical, not because of any personal distrust of Senator Kellogg, but because it wished to protest against what it considered a reactionary tendency in the Republican party. It is because great numbers of people in Minnesota believe that Mr. Butler, now Mr. Justice Butler, represented that reactionary tendency that they opposed him as a nominee for the bench.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against him because he is a Roman Catholic. The injection of this religious feeling into public questions should be roundly condemned. In this respect people in Minnesota are in danger of injuring greatly the progressive cause in which they profess to believe. Those who supported Mr. Roosevelt as President are denying one of his great doctrines if they attempt to make religion a factor in government.

Probably this anti-Catholic feeling in Minnesota, so far as it affects Mr. Butler, is simply a part of the general feeling against him as a reputed reactionary. It may, however, in part be due to the

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fact that many people imagined he was appointed for a religious reason. Fortunately, the country has the benefit of experience with a great Supreme Court Justice who was a Roman Catholic, former Chief Justice White. A man's religious belief should be respected and should never be made the subject of public discussion or controversy in a free country.

More pertinent is the criticism of Mr. Butler as an extreme conservative. In support of this criticism it is specified that in the prosecution of the bleached-flour cases he allowed them to remain undecided for a long time without good reason. It is, moreover, said that his record as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota has been marked by ultra-conservatism, especially in refusing to tolerate the expression of modern political thought in the University. He is declared to be arbitrary in manner.

He is reputed, moreover, to be unfriendly to prohibition.

The appointment of Mr. Butler has tended to strengthen the argument of those who hold that the Supreme Court itself is reactionary and that its power to declare laws unconstitutional should be taken from it.

The best way in which these criticisms of Mr. Butler can be refuted is by the course of Mr. Butler himself as a member of the Supreme Court. When Mr. Justice Brandeis first took his seat upon the bench, many good people thought the end of the world was coming because of his reputed radicalism; but the country still lives, and Mr. Justice Brandeis is recognized as one of the ablest of American judges. The criticism, then, has been forgotten because Mr. Justice Brandeis has proved his worth. The present criticism on the other side can be silenced likewise by Mr. Justice Butler himself.

THE GENTLE ART OF BLURBING

THE other day book critics in this vicinity found among the many-colored and much be-blurbed volumes awaiting review three chastely jacketed books bearing the imprint of one of the best New York publishers. The first page of the jacket had only the title and the names of author and publisher. The last page of the jacket explained that the "descriptive notes" usually printed on jackets were intended for buyers and not for critics, and that, "as some of the critics have found fault with their presence on the wrapper of the book, we have decided on the experiment of sending out all review copies in jackets similar to this one, giving simply the essential details as to title, price, author's name and previous accomplishments. Nothing else."

So the critic, if this example is generally followed, will find himself out in a blurbless world. Will he like it or not?

The answer depends on what is meant by "blurb" and what is meant by descriptive note. Beginning its literary life in a spirit of humorous derision, blurb has practically become a trade term. Its very sound suggests the exuberance of the side-show ballyhooer. Professor Brander Matthews declares that we owe the "colorful and illuminating neologism" to Mr. Gelett Burgess, him of the purple cow. Perhaps the multi-colored pictures that go with the worst blurbs owe their origin to that same famous cow, but we incline to believe that they derive from the movie posters.

We never saw or heard of a critic who objected to a descriptive note. Such notes are welcome and useful to reader, bookseller, and critic alike.

The trouble with the blurb is its blurbiness. No doubt the author is modest, but the blurb-writer is not. Superlatives and luscious adjectives drip from his honeyed pen. Here on one jacket is the plain, simple statement that Mr. So-and-So, a quite recent author, is "the greatest writer living;" of another book we are told that "it is extraordinary by reason of its wave of sublime eloquence;" most of the blurbers have what may be called the V complex; if the story isn't virile, it is vital or vigorous or vivid, and occasionally it gets from two to four V encomiums in one line. Now, the critic himself is struggling to keep away from over-used adjectives like "vivid," "dramatic," "realistic," "idyllic," and the like, and the blurberous outpourings of such jackets arouse his ire. Once in a while we get a breath of genuine enthusiasm, as in one blurb before us, in which the writer, after talking about authentic atmosphere and colorful charm and parading all that kind of professional cackle, suddenly exclaims, "It's an altogether bully book of love and adventure"—and we almost believe he really means it.

An article about "Sublurbia" in the "New Republic" (very possibly one of those that has convinced our publishing friend that critics don't like "descriptive notes") suggests that if blurb methods should gain ground in life at large, we might hear such dialogues as this: "Pleased to meet you. My name is Sping. [Handshake.] I am one of the most intriguing children my mother ever bore." And Mr. Spank would reply, with equal courtesy, "I am perhaps the most red-blooded and vital citizen of Rokonkoma that has appeared in a generation."

The descriptive note need not be dull or colorless. As we are writing we pick up a book coming from the same publisher who has instituted this interesting experiment—Mr. George H. Doran. We insert its jacket-note as a capital example of the kind of descriptive note the critic likes to see. It tells him what the book is about; it tells why the subject and author deserve attention; and it has pithiness without extravagance:

> Lloyd George, the man of many conspicuous virtues and his full share of human frailties, properly appraised and mercilessly analyzed by E. T. Raymond, whose "Uncensored Celebrities" established him as a brilliant critic and analyst of public men.

No; Mr. Publisher, don't deprive the critic of your sensible, informative descriptive notes; but do try to persuade some of those other publishers to tell their blurbers to mark as out of print a few dozen of the dog-eared and broken-backed adjectives and bursts of rhetorical encomiums on the wares offered for sale. We honestly believe that this might please readers as well as critics.

WILL SHAKESPEARE

IT is always a dangerous experiment to try to recreate a historical personage or to label a stage character with a historical name. It is perhaps doubly dangerous when, though little is known of the person to be portrayed or whose name is to be borrowed, every one has a definite conception of his character. The life of William Shakespeare is, for instance, veiled largely in mystery. But out of his amazing works most of us have consciously or otherwise formulated a picture of the man. It is against these individual pictures that Clemence Dane has set the lance of her imagination in her play "Will Shakespeare." To many minds the lance has shivered at the onset.

Will Shakespeare as Miss Dane presents him is, first of all, an unhappy youth who has been trapped into a hasty marriage with Anne Hathaway by her plea that she is to become the mother of his child. When he discovers that the plea was false, he departs for London with a company of strolling players, the leader of which, Henslowe, has been chosen by Queen Elizabeth to search for genius in the highways and byways of England, that it may be transported to London for the glorification of her realm and reign. To stimulate Shakespeare's imagination Elizabeth chooses Mary Fitton to draw the young genius on to great emprise. The result of her stratagem is the production of "Romeo and Juliet." On the night of the first per-

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White Studio

HAIDEE WRIGHT AS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN WINTHROP AMES'S PRODUCTION OF "WILL SHAKESPEARE," BY CLEMENCE DANE, AT THE NATIONAL THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

formance Shakespeare learns that his son, born after his departure from Stratford, and whom he has never seen, is dangerously ill. The lure of Mary Fitton keeps him from returning to Stratford, but does not prevent him from suffering a sudden access of self-reproach over his long neglect of his child.

In the unproductive period of his genius which follows, Mary Fitton turns to Marlowe. Shakespeare finds the two together in a tavern, Mary Fitton, according to the Elizabethan convention, having completely disguised her sex by donning the habiliments of a boy. In the struggle that follows between Shakespeare and Marlowe the latter falls on his own dagger and is killed.

Elizabeth learns of the death of Marlowe, and sends for Shakespeare and Mary Fitton. Mary Fitton she banishes from her Court, and Shakespeare she compels to her will—the devotion of his life to drama, by a masterful presentation of her belief in the glory of England and her philosophy that in work alone can be found the anodyne of grief and sorrow.

Disregarding entirely the conflict between Miss Dane's presentation of the character of Shakespeare with his character as we commonly conceive it, there are certainly moments in which the play fails dramatically. So far as we know, no one who has seen the play has yet been satisfied that Shakespeare's grief over the loss of his son was sufficiently motivated to be credible. The exits and the entrances in the scene in the tavern between Shakespeare and Marlowe are, to say the least, clumsily handled. And, "last scene of all," Shakespeare's sudden ability to sit down after Elizabeth's final oration and promptly outline the plots of three of his greatest plays certainly seems of the stage, stagey. To one who sees the play without having read the volume the literary quality of this drama must remain in doubt. How much of the effectiveness of some of the speeches is due to Miss Dane and how much to the three remarkable actresses who take the parts of Anne Hathaway, Mary Fitton, and Queen Elizabeth? Too much praise cannot be given to these three—Winifred Lenihan, Katharine Cornell, and Haidee Wright. Miss Cornell, who appeared last year as the daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement," has by these two diverse parts won for herself a high place on the American stage. Miss Wright, who was brought from England to play the part of Queen Elizabeth, has assuredly given one of the most remarkable impersonations of a powerful character which the New York stage has seen in a long time. Every movement of her

White Studio

KATHARINE CORNELL AS MARY FITTON IN "WILL SHAKESPEARE"

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body, every sound of her voice, contributes to the vital portrait she creates. She is not imitating a queenly autocrat, she is one.

Perhaps a man of equal dramatic power might have given a similar vitality to Miss Dane's Will Shakespeare and lifted the play to a high level of poetic worth. As it stands, it is an achievement which leaves the observer with the sense of a promise unfulfilled.

A SAMARITAN IN SEARCH OF AN INN

AMERICA WITH UNEASY CONSCIENCE LOOKING FOR A WAY TO HELP EUROPE—ALSO WITH AN EYE TO MARKETS—WATCHING FRANCE'S ADVENTURE IN THE RUHR—STRONG ON ADVICE, BUT CAUTIOUS IN POLICE WORK

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

WASHINGTON is in a haze of perplexity. Even in purely domestic questions the atmosphere seems misty. But on foreign affairs the Nation's capital seems to be in a veritable fog of doubt.

The contrast with conditions a year ago is striking. Then the Armament Conference was drawing to a close. There were doubters of course then; there was uncertainty as to the exact outcome; but the American Government had a definite object in view and was steadily driving toward it. The doubt was mainly in the minds of some skeptical and over-sophisticated observers. The uncertainty was almost wholly that which is involved in any undertaking until it is finished. But the atmosphere was clear. Everybody with eyes in his head could see the object toward which the Government was directing its course. Happily, that object was reached and even passed.

Now nothing ahead seems clear.

During the past few days I have heard the Government severely taken to task for its lack of foreign policy. It has been said that the Administration has been apparently without purpose, that it has been hesitating and aimlessly wandering about. That criticism does not seem to me to be discriminating, but, whether it is or not, it is to be heard, not only from without but also from within the Administration's own party. As soon, however, as I have inquired of the critic what possible course is clear I have discovered that the state of mind attributed to the Administration is general.

I should characterize the Administration's policy, not as one of hesitation, but as one of caution. It is for the time being the Wilsonian policy of Watchful Waiting, the Asquithian policy of "Wait and See." That may be the best policy to pursue in a fog. It may be wise now to wait till the fog lifts.

When the Good Samaritan came upon the man who had fallen among robbers, he took him to an inn. I wonder what he would have done if he had been unable to find an inn. His predicament would be much like America's now. There seems to be no inn in sight.

That, however, is not the only trouble. If the Good Samaritan had stopped to think how good he was, how much more sensible, in fact, than the man who had allowed himself to be overtaken by robbers, he would have proved himself to be not a good Samaritan at all, but just plain orthodox Pharisee. And if he had then decided to invest some oil and wine in the enterprise of putting this fellow on his feet as a desirable future customer of his, he would have had little to plume himself on except as a shrewd trader. Perhaps the victim might have been expected to resent benefactions offered in a tone of moral superiority and with an eye to future business. Perhaps, too, he might be expected to lose interest in benefactions offered on condition that too much pressure must not be put upon the robbers to make restitution, since they were the Samaritan's customers too. Nothing of this sort happened, according to the parable; which indicates that as much may be learned from what the parable does not relate as by what it does.

America's conscience is becoming increasingly uneasy concerning what has happened in Europe. That, I think, is plain in Washington. A policy of absolute aloofness from Europe would arouse no political enthusiasm in any quarter. I have so far found no signs of regret that the United States kept out of the League of Nations except from thick-and-thin advocates of the League, and I have even heard an eminent advocate of the League say that American membership in the League would not have prevented or helped the present situation. Nevertheless there is a strong feeling in quarters heretofore supposed to be indifferent to Europe that America ought to be doing something.

Senator Borah furnishes probably the most conspicuous example of this attitude on the part of those who have formerly been regarded as advocates of isolation. His resolution proposing that America should summon an economic conference would, if it had been adopted, have precipitated America into the political situation in Europe at its tensest moment. A general discussion of the economic condition of Europe, including reparations, stabilization of the currency, interallied debts, exchange, and all the other problems of markets and international trade would have raised political questions of the first importance—such as the responsibility of the present German Government for what the past German Governments have done, the recognition or non-recognition of the Russian Soviet régime, and the military policy of France. Without presuming to speak for Senator Borah, I think I may express my conviction that he would never have introduced that resolution if he had not been willing to have America discuss those questions, and, in fact, if he had not formed very strong opinions on those political subjects himself. Whatever else may be said about a policy of that sort, it is plain that it is the very opposite of a policy of aloofness, the very opposite of a policy of avoiding entanglements. And, as he himself made clear on the floor of the Senate at the time, the only reason why Senator Borah withdrew his resolution was that he believed that there were plans under way which would render the resolution unnecessary.

Behind that resolution there was—and still is—undoubtedly a strong public sentiment. In fact, in spite of its withdrawal, the significance of the resolution has remained, because it was a public expression of this public sentiment in favor of American participation in the attempt to settle the problems of Europe.

Much as I regret having to acknowledge it, it is certain that that sentiment is partly due to a feeling of moral superiority on the part of a great many Americans. They regard themselves as generous, wise, and brave, and the French as ungenerous, unwise, and subject to a hysteria of fear. It is not a moral condemnation of specific acts of the French that seems to move these Americans, like that which roused the country against the Germans, but rather a feeling that the French are too selfish to make enlightened decisions as to their own national policy, and that America, unselfish and idealistic, would furnish the French safe guidance if they would only follow it. The good Samaritan in this case is acutely conscious of his own goodness. The sentiment in favor of American action in Europe at this time

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is due also to the growing demand of American farmers for markets. That demand was evident a year ago at the Agricultural Conference here. It is more evident now. Senators representing agricultural States are well aware of this demand. There is an unexpected connection here between the whole problem of Europe and the proposal for aid to the American merchant marine. Much of the opposition of the farmers to the so-called Ship Subsidy Bill is reinforced by the opinion that American ships lie idle, not for lack of a subsidy, but for lack of markets, and that the way to provide an outlet for surplus American farm products is, not to provide a cheaper carrier system, but to help Europe to buy our goods. The very part of the country that has been generally most indifferent to European problems has thus become, not only greatly interested in them, but even insistent that something be done about them.

Naturally the men on "the Hill," where the Capitol stands, who make the laws for the Nation, are well aware of this new sentiment in favor of American intervention in Europe. There is nothing in the political situation that makes them conscious of any reason why France should get reparations, but much to make them earnestly in favor of letting Germany escape sufficiently to become very speedily an important part of the world market for American produce.

And now France seizes the Ruhr, the richest industrial region of Germany, and spoils the hopes of the farmers and others for a European market.

Provoked with France as they are, those who have been disappointed by the occupation of the Ruhr are inclined to be even more acutely provoked with the Administration. What, they ask, has the Administration done to prevent this disaster? Did it not know what was coming? Of course it did; and yet it never exerted its power to stop it; or, if it did, it spoke so quietly that the country never heard it. Last year it proved what public sentiment when awakened and united and made vocal can do. Why did it not again arouse the opinion of the world and let France know what it demanded?

For one simple reason, it was not at all certain that world opinion is quite as ready to support Germany in her default on reparations as it was to support a limitation of naval armament. The case is not clear even to many who deplore the action of France. In fact, if there is one point on which practically all agree who are acquainted with the subject, it is that Germany has not done what she could. If Germany had persuaded the world that she had done her utmost to keep her own finances in order and to meet the obligations which even her own leaders acknowledge, there might have been a solid public opinion in the world to which to appeal; but in that case it is certain that France would not have taken the action that she has.

Nevertheless the Administration did not let the matter go by default. For months it has been seeking for a better way than that which the French have chosen. It could not do so by an open appeal to public opinion, for that would have been at once understood by Germany, not to mention the rest of the world, as an attempt to interfere on Germany's side. Though a good many Americans would have approved open espousal of Germany's attempt to escape paying reparations, the Nation as a whole is not ready to stultify itself. Even the recall of the last American troops from the Rhine has been disapproved where I hardly expected it to be—much more widely disapproved, I think, than is indicated by public expression. Whatever the Administration could do had therefore to be done quietly and in deference to the feelings of the nations who were our allies in war.

This seems not to be fully understood at the Capitol. So far as understanding what is required by consideration of others, to say nothing of common courtesy in diplomatic conversations, some Senators might as well be sitting on Pike's Peak as on the Hill in Washington; and yet those very Senators would resent infringement of their Senatorial prerogatives or disregard of Senatorial courtesy.

It was no secret that France had long considered the occupation of the Ruhr as a means of securing guaranties for the payment of reparations. Inquiry by the American Government, however, brought the answer that some other way out would be found. When it became evident that unanimous agreement among the four Powers—France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium—was unlikely, the suggestion was made that the matter of reparations be submitted to a conference of experts. It is important to understand, not only what this proposal was, but what it was not. It was not, as rumored in the press, a proposal of an American committee. It was not a proposal for a loan. It was not a proposal to take up all the economic problems of Europe, including interallied debts and exchange and what not. It was a proposal that the several countries involved (including America, to which Germany owes money for certain private claims as well as the cost of the American Army of Occupation) should select men of highest financial authority to meet for the limited purpose of ascertaining what Germany could pay and of devising a plan for making the payments. The essential requirement in such a conference is that no other question than reparations be considered. To bring in other questions would at once invite the difficulties that were encountered at the Peace Conference at Paris and the Conference at Genoa. There would be what legislators call log-rolling. A concession would be made here to get an advantage there. The subject of reparations would be taken out of the sphere of merit into the sphere of compromise. At the same time the conference would cease to be a discussion of an economic question by experts, and would become a discussion of international politics by negotiators. The proof that reparations cannot be settled in connection with other questions has been supplied by the conference of Prime Ministers at Paris, which ended in the agreement to disagree and the decision of France, Belgium, and Italy to try their luck in the Ruhr. Even there the conferees practically agreed on the amount, but they parted because they disagreed on other things. So the American proposal was for a conference confined to one limited subject and limited to experts. The product of that conference would be the best judgment of the best experts concerning reparations, but it would be binding on no country. Each nation would retain its sovereign right to make its own decision. Nevertheless such a report would have three advantages: First, it would provide an expert judgment on the fundamental issue in Europe. It is the one issue that can be decided apart from all others. Germany's ability to pay is not affected one way or another by what France owes Great Britain, or by what Great Britain owes America, or by any other debt. That, therefore, can be taken up apart from these other questions, and if that is settled, the way is opened for proceeding to the others. Second, it would free the Government of France from making on its own responsibility a decision on a vexed question, but would remove that question from the internal politics of France and would provide a plan to which France could with dignity adhere as the general judgment of the experts of the world. Third, it would deprive Germany of all excuse for her default, and would bring upon Germany the pressure of world opinion, which she has so far succeeded in confusing.

That plan is still available. There is no reason why France and Great Britain and Belgium and Italy may not adopt it. For the present France is employed in attempting to convince Germany that the payment of reparations will be of mutual advantage. Just at present, therefore, there seems to be nothing more that the American Government can do.

If there is anybody here in Washington that expects France to get reparations from Germany as a consequence of the adventure into the Ruhr and the seizure of coal mines and industrial plants in this center of German industry, I have yet to encounter him. I doubt whether French political leaders themselves expect this seizure to bring much directly in the form of reparations over and above the cost of the operation. It has, however, already accomplished some things that the French naturally value more highly than we do. It has, in the first place, proved to the world, and not least to Germany, that even without the active aid of Britain and America France is a Power of some consequence in the world. In the second place, it has

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proved that France is not isolated in Europe, as many of our American newspapers and some of the English have been saying. In the third place, it has proved that France has not been indulging in empty threats, but has really meant what she said. In the fourth place, it has enabled the French Government to show the French people that their own security is not in danger, and that Germany, after all, did not really win the war or the peace. Perhaps from the French point of view, these things, even without any substantial reparations, may be worth all that the experiment costs.

If there is anybody in a responsible position in the Administration that does not hope for a good result from the occupation of the Ruhr, I have not heard of him; but I have met no one who fully expects it. I believe it may generally be said that the policy of France in this case does not commend itself to the judgment of the Administration as an effective means of securing guaranties for either reparations or safety. It has, I believe, caused some depression at the prospect for the whole of Europe. Almost every country of Europe was making economic progress. The peasants were adding to their stock. Now this progress, it is believed, will have to halt until the experiment in the Ruhr is finished. And not only economic progress, but security for the nations, it is believed, will have to wait for some time; for real security will come, not by military dominance, but by understanding. What prospect there was for understanding before the French entered the Ruhr I have not yet learned. It seems to be generally acknowledged that the German Government were doing nothing to promote a good understanding with their neighbors, but, on the contrary—as it has been freely admitted—were following a course which made it difficult to believe that they were not counting on insolvency as an avoidance of doing their duty by their neighbors.

Though the Administration does not approve the French policy, it did not mean by the withdrawal of the American troops from the Rhine to express disapproval. Of that I am convinced. Nevertheless it has had exactly the effect of disapproval. It was the desire of the Government to bring all the troops home long before this. Indeed, it was one of the promises made in Mr. Harding's campaign. Germany, however, was the country most insistent in urging that the American troops be kept on the Rhine, for she felt that they would be a mollifying influence. France also wished them to remain. The whole point of keeping them there was to preserve the sentiment of unity among the Allies. To have withdrawn the troops while we were proposing an alternative to the occupation of the Ruhr would have seemed like a vain attempt to thwart France of her purpose. To wait for two or three months and then withdraw them would have been understood as the desertion of a part accepted under the new conditions, and Germany would have felt we had deserted her. That, I think, is the way the Administration viewed the situation. So, since the Administration did not feel that we could join France in her plan, it withdrew the troops at once, without waiting for them to become involved in a policy to which the American Government had not committed itself. Neither Germany nor France liked the withdrawal, but both could understand it.

I have tried to state accurately the explanation for withdrawal of American troops from the Rhine. Of course the Hearst press commends the withdrawal as a rebuke to France and takes credit to itself for crystallizing the sentiment of the people in favor of it and against France. Of course Senator Reed, of Missouri, is delighted and so are the German-Americans among his constituents in St. Louis, as the withdrawal was ordered soon after the Senate had hastily passed his somewhat impromptu resolution urging it. France and Germany may understand the significance of the withdrawal, as the Administration evidently believes they will, but it seems to me doubtful whether America understands it. And even to understand is not necessarily to approve. What the Good Samaritan would have done if the robbers had suddenly reappeared the parable does not state. Perhaps he would have advised the victim not to irritate the robbers, and then, seeing the need for police work ahead, would have discreetly gone about his own business.

It is hard to satisfy everybody.

And now there seems nothing for the American Government to do about the Continent of Europe except to wait and hope for another chance to help—with advice.

Washington, D. C., January 16, 1923.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF EUROPEAN FINANCE

BY JOSEPH DANZIGER

FRANCE, confronted by national bankruptcy, is unable to pay her debts to the Allies until Germany starts making substantial reparations payments. Germany cannot do this until her internal finances are straightened out. She cannot normalize her internal finances until she is able to balance her budget. A deficit in the budget will always make its appearance as long as the mark continues its downward course. The mark will continue to fall so long as Government printing presses work overtime. The Government can halt inflation only by means of a loan from the United States. We do not care to lend any more money to Europe until we have some reasonable assurance that Europe will adopt measures for sanitizing her finances and funding the debt she already owes us.

This vicious circle can and must be broken at its weakest point. The alternative means Russian conditions throughout Central Europe, with France and Italy ultimately going down in the crash.

Early in 1919, before the terms of the Treaty were known, or possibly had been decided upon, I compiled a bulletin for the Department of Commerce in which economic conditions in Germany were analyzed. Evidence was presented and accepted by the officials of the Department, and it was conclusively proved that Germany could not be reckoned on to establish credits for rehabilitating business or paying reparations except on the basis of her potential labor productivity. Intensive exploitation of her man power demands extensive foreign credits in those countries which are the potential sources of raw materials. Our interest in the economic problem focuses at this point.

The natural products—chiefly coal and phosphates—which may be reckoned as exportable will serve no more than as a balance for imports of indispensable commodities for the domestic population; primarily, textile fibers and food. At the time the bulletin was written I assumed that the province of Posen would go to Poland, and of course Alsace-Lorraine to France. Since then the source of raw material has been further reduced by the separation of Upper Silesia and the Saar Basin.

It would require more than the available space to go into this argument at length, but a reference to the bulletin mentioned will furnish detailed information. If the reparations payments heretofore made by Germany seem to dispute these conclusions, it must be remembered that Germany has been able to establish sufficient foreign credits for this purpose from two highly questionable sources; the sale of capital assets abroad and of paper marks on a declining market to foreigners. It is estimated that Americans alone have sunk over one hundred million dollars in this worthless paper.

Both of these methods led to the further impoverishment of Germany. The results of inflation are obvious enough. The sale of capital assets (lands, houses, and securities) deprived domestic capital of a sound basis for foreign credits. For example, let us say, a business man

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at the close of 1921 wished to increase his working capital. He therefore sold a block of stock or of houses to a Hollander for 10,000,000 marks, at that time worth about 58 cents per hundred. This sum, credited to the merchant's account at the bank, was then worth $58,000. A year later it had shrunk to $1,500.

Of course this is a theoretical presentation. As a matter of fact, the business man would have turned over that ten million several times in the course of the year, and the shrinkage would not have been quite so great in reality. However, it is impossible to dispose of merchandise, especially goods in process of manufacture, nearly so fast as their replacement cost advances. This was especially true during the panicky slump of the mark last autumn. As a protective measure, the latest scheme has been to ask a price in dollars of foreigners, or to take domestic orders on a cost plus basis, the price to be determined by the cost of raw materials at time of delivery. If this were not done, the majority of business enterprises would be facing bankruptcy. As it is, every business, with certain exceptions to be discussed later, is burdened by impaired capital.

A little experience of mine illustrates how this comes about. Last summer a friend of ours was shopping in Berlin with my wife. The ladies unearthed a set of sables, which they coveted. After returning home, our friend sent my wife a bank draft for $300 and the request to get her the furs. We tendered the draft in payment, but they are suspicious of all bank paper in Germany, and the furrier suggested that I pay a deposit on the furs and he would wait until the check had been cleared through New York. My first intention was to pay for the goods at once, but then I decided to take a little flier in marks myself. Five weeks later, when the bank paid the draft, the mark had gone so low that $200 was enough to meet the bill for the sables, worth at least $1,500 in a Fifth Avenue shop.

Our friend secured a big bargain and the Berlin furrier had the equivalent of $200 with which to pay his overhead and replace furs that he valued at $300. His working capital had been reduced just that amount by the fall of the mark.

Although nearly every business suffers from a like process, there are notable exceptions. Industries which own sources of basic commodities; coal mines, steel and iron, mineral products, cement phosphates, etc., as well as all agrarian activities, sell at the world market—that is, at gold prices. These interests profit by the fall of the mark, because wages, salaries, and profits do not rise as fast as the prices of their products, which advance automatically as the mark falls.

For this reason Herr Stinnes, the base of whose fortune rests on his ancestral coal mines, is able to buy up newspapers, hotels, or immense industries as fancy directs, or to make huge investments in foreign lands, causing trepidation and an appeal for Government protection against alien exploitation on the part of the Swiss manufacturers' association, and enabling the French to point to the vast surplus wealth that Germany enjoys.

The value of property on which these super-profiteers base their winnings has soared in company with the high altitudes of the dollar. If our money is now worth two thousand times as much as in pre-war days, the price of a farm or mine is not far in the rear. Nevertheless there is no property tax in Germany worth mentioning. If this statement be challenged as too sweeping, I can refer the doubter to the vast and involved tax laws of the German Federal Government and its separate states. The subject is too complex to admit of analysis here. There are innumerable taxes on occupations, transactions, transportation, and transfers; there are license taxes galore, and new ones are being invented daily. They are an incubus on all legitimate business, an intolerable burden to the small shopkeeper, the salaried man, and the wage-earner, and a throttling terror to the man of fixed income; but property as such goes scot-free, or nearly so.

The Prussian laws are typical. Agrarian land is subject to a tax of seven mills in the dollar, based on an assessed valuation of the year 1862! If a Prussian Junker owns 20,000 acres—and holdings of this size are by no means unusual—worth $250 an acre in 1913, or $500,000 altogether, that estate was probably worth less than $300,000 in 1862, when the last assessment was made.

A tax of seven-tenths per cent on this valuation would realize 8,400 paper marks, or less than 85 cents in real money, on an estate worth $500,000 in real money. With every other piece of real property similarly evading its just obligation to the Government, the reasons for the budget deficit become obvious. Every other civilized government of which I have cognizance levies some sort of tax on property. If Germany would either assess its taxes on the basis of present values in paper marks or make the taxes payable in gold values on a gold assessment basis, she would enjoy ample revenues. Here is the weak point for breaking the vicious circle before economic chaos sweeps Europe.

Is the German Government honest when it refuses to avail itself of such sound finance methods? Can it be that it fears overthrow by the Junker and big industrialist? I do not know. Both turpitude and timorousness have been offered me as explanations for this anomaly by Germans who ought to know.

The fact remains that both during and since the war Germany has met all deficits by inflation. Recently the outstanding currency passed the trillion mark. Lest such fantastic astronomical figures be incomprehensible, we should stop and think that one trillion paper marks are worth approximately one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This is just half the value of the gold now in the Reichsbank and held subject to the order of the Reparations Commission.

The second step in the rehabilitation of Europe is therefore obvious enough. After Germany has demonstrated her good faith by balancing her budget and raising sufficient revenue by means of a sane taxation system, the Reparations Commission should be induced to lift the mortgage from the gold reserve in the Reichsbank. This may be done with proper reservations and guaranties, and solely on condition that the reserve remain in the bank as a basis for new currency. The new unit of value might be called a shilling, as that is almost exactly the same as a gold mark in value and is a historic German coin. The Government, or rather the Reichsbank, under Allied supervision if necessary, could issue this money in redemption of paper marks at the current market rate, which is now about two thousand to one.

Paper marks would disappear fast enough, but their obliteration would be expedited by setting a time limit after which they would be repudiated. The amount of German shillings in circulation would be limited by the gold reserve so long as Germany was a debtor for reparations. Such a proviso would put a stop to any further inflation. at least during the lives of the present generation.

Some people would suffer from this, to be sure, but it would not disrupt values so radically as a rapid deflation of the present currency. Investors in bonds and mortgages, who have been hoping against hope that the mark might be restored, would be doomed to despair. Some big land banks may be included in this category, but there does not seem to be any help for it. The *Schieber*, or profiteer, whose operations consisted in pyramiding his paper marks as the market declined, would come up with an awful bump. He has been an incubus on the economic body of Germany, selling the mark short at critical periods and accelerating the downward movement. There are few in Germany who would waste more than a malicious grin at the passing of the *Schieber*.

As the alternative is worse suffering for all of Europe, possibly a disruption of the foundations of civilization, some such method of stabiijzing German currency must be taken, and much consideration cannot be wasted on any individual or group of individuals. It is an after-blast of the war, and the war surely cost untold suffering and hardships to millions. It will be but another lesson to the effect that war is a thing to avoid by all possible measures, and, if it does visit a nation, the people should hang crape on their doors instead of festooning their housetops.

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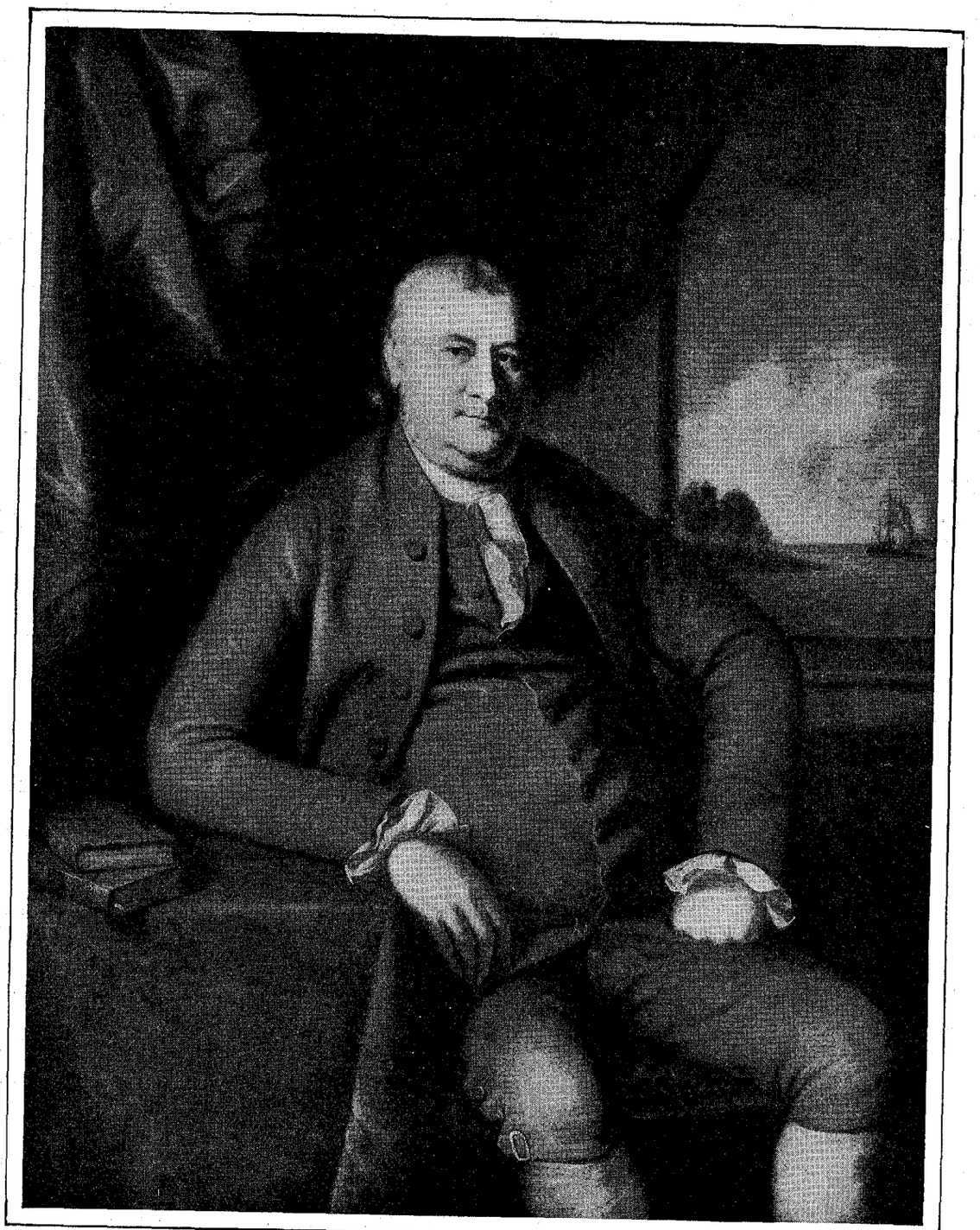
EARLY AMERICAN ART



From Metropolitan Museum of Art. (C) Dorr News Service

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL MIFFLIN, BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

These pictures, recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, are interesting examples of the work of Charles Willson Peale, who was the father of an equally well known early American artist, Rembrandt Peale. Charles

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AT THE METROPOLITAN

From Metropolitan Museum of Art. (C) Dorr News Service

PORTRAIT OF REBECCA EDGHILL MIFFLIN AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER, REBECCA MIFFLIN FRANCIS, BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

Willson Peale is perhaps best known for his portraits of Washington, but in his long career (he died in 1827, at the age of 83) he painted many notable portraits of other distinguished Americans

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THE PROBLEMS OF ALASKA'S GOVERNMENT[1]

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

SO far as social conditions are concerned throughout the Territory, they are not different from those in any other part of the country where the Stars and Stripes float. The homes I visited were furnished as well as those in the States; in fact, on an average, I think, better. Probably it might be well to explain why: There is no poverty in Alaska; begging is unheard of and unnecessary. While it is true that there is no ostentatious display of wealth, neither do you meet with the pitiable cases of poverty that we so often meet with in metropolitan cities in the States. The citizens of the Territory are well dressed, well mannered, extremely well read, and so far as hospitality is concerned they have few equals.

In fact, to make a long story short, from a standpoint of schools, social conditions, stores, hotels, and modern economic life, any part of Alaska from Ketchikan to Fairbanks will come up to par with any like distance in the States.

I don't want to overlook another very interesting feature of Alaskan life: In ratio to population, I make the carefully studied statement that there is no part of the world where as many magazines are read. There are large news stores in every Alaskan town and city. Magazines are piled high on all news-stands as soon as the boat arrives, and boats arrived twice a week while I was in the Territory. Every one reads these publications from cover to cover, and I have never spent four months among better-informed people than I did this summer in Alaska. I could engage in conversation with any one from the mayor of a town to a prospector forty miles from a railway, and they could put up an intelligent argument on any question concerning the public welfare that was receiving attention in American publications. The Territory has excellent newspapers, every town of over five hundred population having a daily newspaper with Associated Press Service.

My general impression of the people of Alaska is that they are delightfully big-hearted, extremely frank, and engagingly courteous. They have their petty quarrels among themselves, quite true; but let an outsider mix in, and they immediately stand shoulder to shoulder. All in all, they are that same wonderfully hospitable type that were so numerous in the West twenty years ago. Outsiders that go into Alaska to find fault can find, quite true, a few disgruntled, dissatisfied people—men who have been as big a failure in Alaska as they were in the States before they left for the North—but the percentage of this type of citizenry is surprisingly small.

ALASKA is not a gold country any more than a copper country or a farming country or a fishing territory. The exports from the land once called Seward's Folly exceed one billion dollars, gold and copper leading the mineral exports, but fish amounting to as much as both gold and copper. As a matter of fact, the value of fish and by-products exported from Alaskan waters amounts to about fifty million dollars a year. Unfortunately, the one thing that needed conservation more than anything else in Alaska never received real protection. As a result, during the last few years there has been a noticeable diminution of salmon pack—although the situation is not as serious as many calamity howlers would have us believe. The 1922 salmon pack was much greater than that of 1920 and 1921.

THE fisheries of Alaska need common-sense regulation, and steps are now being taken to protect the industry so as to guarantee its perpetuation. There are many different remedies proposed, all of them meritorious. I think, however, that Secretary Hoover has the best idea of an immediate protection of Alaskan fish. He advocates zoning of large districts and restricting of the number of canneries to operate in these districts, then limiting the number of days when fish may be taken from the waters of the area zoned, so as to allow large numbers to go up the spawning streams. Not only that, but the canneries, purse-seiners, and native fishermen would be allowed to take only a certain number of salmon from the waters during the entire season. Creeks and rivers feeding into the district zoned would be cleared of débris, the hair-seal eliminated, and cutthroat and Dolly-Varden trout kept from the spawning beds. With the proper regulation dealing with canneries, purse-seiners, and trollers, there need be no fear but that the salmon industry of Alaska will always remain the great industry it has been in the past.

From an entirely unbiased standpoint, I want to make one suggestion to all parties concerned: There has been such bitter controversy raised throughout Alaska over the proper permanent fish legislation to be placed in effect that I believe it imperative that we protect the fish with the best law we can construct at the present time, and then fight for the permanent system that shall go in later. The weakness of the zoning system can be determined by a four or five year trial. During that time a more far-reaching legislation can be placed in effect if necessary. Alaska salmon need protection now, and have needed it for several years, but every time a common-sense regulation was proposed the people of the Territory went up in arms, a bitter battle was fought, and, as a result, nothing was done. I see little sense in waging desperate battles in an attempt to get "whole-hog" legislation or none, while in the meantime the salmon to be protected may be caught in such large numbers that sometime in the future, when the various factions do get together, there won't be anything left to protect.

THERE has been a great deal of controversy over Alaskan water transportation for many years. Much of the criticism of water rates has been justifiable, but a great deal has been without foundation and purely imaginary. Passenger fares on the steamship lines plying Alaskan waters are as reasonable as American-Pacific coastwise steamship rates. For instance, the fare from Seattle to Alaskan ports averages about 3½ cents a mile, including meals, and the accommodations are much better than any one would imagine the Alaskan service would be. People going to Alaska can do so with comfort, and the employees of the steamship companies treat passengers with a courtesy that they will long remember.

Freight rates, quite true, are high, but at the same time we must remember that Alaska in its present stage provides full capacity business for a certain number of months during the rush season of the summer, while the boats travel the same distance in the winter-time with only a few passengers and a minimum amount of freight. It takes the profits made during the summer months to make up for the heavy losses sustained during the months that the steamship company makes the runs, at times, with less than a dozen passengers and very little freight.

One of the officials of the Admiral Line assured me that as soon as industries opened up in Alaska and more traffic resulted they would adjust their freight rates accordingly, and be only too glad to do so.

Alaska must have cheaper freight transportation, both rail and water, especially the rates on ores, both rail and water, from Alaska to American smelter ports, and from American ports to Alaska on all materials that could be termed as necessary commodities for prospectors, farmers, and those engaged in mining, lumbering, and agricultural development. Even if it is necessary to lose money for a year or two, the transportation companies will be much further ahead during a period of ten years.

Those believing that they must go through hardships to see Alaska by water are mistaken. Tourists visiting the Territory will find better accommodations, water, rail, and hotel service, on an Alaska trip from Seattle to Fair-

[1] This is the fourth and last article by Mr. Rogers on the government and resources of Alaska.

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banks and return, than they do on many of their vacation trips in the States. There are no "hardships" in "seeing Alaska;" not a bit more than in "seeing" the Yosemite, Yellowstone, or Glacier National Parks.

There has been a great deal of animosity aroused over freight rates established on the Copper River and Northwestern Railway. The district embraced in this area, Cordova to Kennicot, is unquestionably one of the richest mineral areas of its size on the continent. The Kennicot Mine, developed by Stephen Burch and the Guggenheim interests, is without doubt one of the greatest copper properties in the world. There are many promising prospects in this great belt that have the earmarks of copper producers that may rival the Kennicot production. However, the restrictive freight rate over this road has been a tremendous damper to development that otherwise would have naturally taken place. There is no excuse for the present freight rates over this line. Quite true, it cost a tremendous amount of money to build this road, and it is a good road, well built, well maintained, and efficiently officered. It may be true, and undoubtedly is true, that, even with the present rates, the road does not pay more than a reasonable interest on its investment, and I believe that there have been several years in which no interest was paid at all; in fact, a deficit. A reasonable rate over this line may cause the company a heavy deficit for a year or two, but I make the positive statement that if the rates on this line were cut in two, and they would then still be high on most materials, the tremendous increase in business activity in this district and the development of mines and prospects that are now idle would result in such a signal increase in business in a five-year period that not only would the original operating deficit be wiped out, but, with proper rates established, the increased business would make the road a permanent success from a standpoint of business and profits.

OIL is another tremendous resource of the Territory. There are about a dozen small wells in operation in the Katalla section, where the original oil well was developed at the time the Alaskan resources were reserved from public entry. There was no system established that would permit oil development on Government lands until 1920. Since that time thousands of acres have been staked, and at the present time, in the Cold Bay district to the westward, millions of dollars' worth of drilling equipment have been transported within the past few months, and tremendous development will take place early in the spring.

I have talked personally to some of the greatest expert oil engineers in the world, who have been over the Cold Bay district, and they assure me that there is every indication that oil in commercial quantities will be encountered.

It might be well to add that the oil in the Katalla section is of the very highest quality paraffin base oil, and it is expected that the oil in the Cold Bay district will be of the same quality.

I want to add a word of caution to the American public: *Don't buy Alaskan oil* stocks except after the most rigid personal inspection, or on the personal advice of engineers of world-wide reputation who have no interest whatsoever in the property they are talking about. The oil companies now developing Alaska are big concerns that are not selling stock. They are investing their own money. I merely give this warning because there will be, without question, a lot of fly-by-night oil operators who will try to fleece the American public with golden promises of fabulous returns in Alaskan oil wells that may never be drilled.

I WANT to say the same about mining stock in the Territory. I have mentioned in my former articles many mining properties that have promise, but practically all prospects have promise, although few prospects make mines. Don't buy Alaskan mining stock until you have thoroughly investigated the integrity and the managerial ability of those who are engaged in mining activity. There will be many stock-selling schemes promoted on Alaskan mines. A great many of them will be abject failures. Prospect mining in Alaska, and, for that matter, anywhere else, is seldom a sound investment, although often a good gamble. My advice to any man purchasing interest in Alaskan prospects is to go on the ground with some one he has absolute confidence in before he invests a dollar.

The greatest danger to the Territory at the present time is that a lot of fly-by-night mining-stock grafters deluge the country with worthless stock, which will then make it very difficult to secure capital for meritorious undertakings.

SINCE writing my first article I have gone carefully into the present Alaskan departmental boards. Nine major departments in Washington controlling Alaskan affairs appointed a committee of nine in Washington to expedite and centralize control of Alaskan development. This committee in turn established a sub-committee in Alaska, with a chairman and a like number of Territorial members. The very construction of this interdepartmental committee added greatly to the confusion, red tape, and petty jealousies of Alaskan administration; and yet the interdepartmental board could be reconstructed so as not only to be highly effective but to engender confidence and eliminate red tape. To do so it will be necessary to eliminate the committee that holds forth in Washington, reorganize and grant to the interdepartmental board in Alaska executive power over Federal affairs in the Territory. For instance, the President could by executive order establish an interdepartmental board composed of an official representing each department in Alaska, to have full charge of the affairs coming under his jurisdiction, without continuous reference and red-tape correspondence with Washington. There would be an advantage in this kind of a board, which would be practically the same as an assistant secretarial board with the exception that the appointees on an interdepartmental board would come under the Civil Service, which would mean that these highly efficient men would not be removed because of an adverse Presidential election. The tenure of office of these officials would depend entirely on their ability; incompetency or maladministration of office would be the sole cause for removal. But, to be effective, the board appointed would have to have broad powers. It would be necessary that they compose a board that would meet often to straighten out overlapping questions and to expedite development by meeting across a table and settling affairs on the ground that now often takes five thousand miles of correspondence.

As I have said before, the present Bureau officials in Alaska are of the very highest and cleanest type. They know their business, they are efficient; they really have Alaskan development firmly implanted in their hearts; they are as loyal to the Territory as those who are engaged in mining, farming, and building homes. The most efficient of these men would naturally receive appointments by the Cabinet Secretaries and Forestry Bureau who now have charge of Territorial affairs. They could also be given the power to act as an arbitration tribunal over disputes that might arise over real or fancied discriminations of individual Bureau chiefs.

I think an interdepartmental board could be constructed that would be as effective as a board composed of assistant secretaries. There is one advantage, however, to an interdepartmental plan. It would be necessary to go through Congress to secure authority for a board composed of assistant secretaries, while the President has the power to authorize an interdepartmental board that would have practically the same powers, and would be every bit as effective in removing the cry of bureaucracy and red tape.

As I stated in my first article, a great deal of the reluctance of American business men to operate in Alaska is based on a purely psychological fear. Most of their suspicions are groundless. I want to repeat that *most of the red tape has been removed* from Alaskan management. And I do not believe that there is any substantial reason for investors to fear Governmental restrictions, which in most cases are purely mythical.

Either a secretarial or an interdepartmental board will remove the last vestige of doubt and distrust that many now hold.

Alaska needs the truth told about it, and I think the truth—the bare, naked truth—will dissipate most of the fears now held by many who desire to engage

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in Alaskan business. Those who investigate carefully are always surprised at the liberality and conscientious desire of those in charge of Alaskan affairs, not only in Government contracts, but in the co-operation that officials gladly offer to people who are legitimately interested in the development of the Territory.

In conclusion, permit me to add that I have heard a great many American people express the fear that the rights of the people in the United States might be abridged by giving full control of Alaskan affairs to a board residing on Alaskan soil. In answer, I want to say vigorously that if the American citizens residing below the 54th meridian will give as much time and thought to the rights of those hardy pioneers who have kept the roads open and the trails blazed in our northern empire as they do to the real or fancied rights of those who have never seen Alaska, the northern Territory will quickly come into its own.

INDORSEMENT BY NATIONAL LEADERS OF MR. ROGERS'S SOLUTION

We publish here in full the letter from Secretary Hoover, an extract from which appears on the cover of this issue of The Outlook:

Department of Commerce
Office of the Secretary
Washington, December 26, 1922.

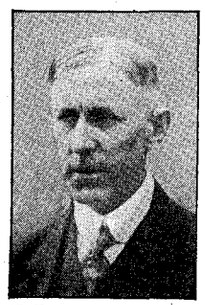
The Editor The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir: I have read Mr. Sherman Rogers' articles on Alaska with great interest and profit. He has indeed developed a better understanding of its possibilities with an extraordinary portrayal of this great National asset. The development and the proper use of its natural resources and the creation of efficient administration for Alaska is a matter of primary importance.

With thirty-two different bureaus of the Government acting independently, with various conflicting policies as to the proper development of National resources in public interest, with a total lack of understanding as to the physical character of Alaska itself, the American people have made about as bad a job of it as could have been done if we had deliberately set out to do our worst.

The Outlook should be congratulated on having taken the matter up so earnestly and with such intelligence.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.



(C) Keystone
HON. C. H. HUSTON

We print in full a communication from the Hon. C. H. Huston, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, who made a trip around the world during the summer of 1922 to promote commercial good will between the United States and the other countries of the globe. Mr. Huston made a two weeks' trip through the heart of Alaska.

Department of Commerce,
Office of the Assistant Secretary,
Washington, January 6, 1923.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

After observing your work in Alaska last summer, I am pleased to see that your intensive study on the ground is enabling you to bring the readers of The Outlook a real picture of conditions there.

It is also gratifying to note that you are developing some ideas on Alaskan policies with sufficient merit to warrant the serious consideration of administrative and legislative officials.

Alaska is misunderstood, and your portrayal of facts should be enlightening to the American public.

Sincerely yours,
C. H. HUSTON.

(C) Clinedinst
HON. SCOTT C. BONE

The Hon. Scott C. Bone, eminent American editor, appointed Governor of Alaska by President Harding, vigorously commends Mr. Rogers's portrayal of Alaskan resources and Territorial conditions:

"I have just read the first of the series of four articles on Alaska which you are writing for The Outlook, and wish to compliment you upon the excellent presentation of the Territory's situation and needs. It is enlightening, well balanced, and fair, and should, and I believe will, have beneficial results. I congratulate you upon your presentation of facts."

John W. Troy, Dean of Alaskan editors, says:

"Have read your first two articles with great interest and much appreciation. You have wonderful grasp of situation and excellent vision."

The Ketchikan "Chronicle" is one of the foremost newspapers in the Territory. The editor sent the following telegram to Mr. Rogers:

Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York:

After a dozen years in Alaska, during which I have traveled from Nome and St. Michael along rivers of interior and over trail to coast, and during which it has been my duty as a newspaper man to study Alaska conditions, I wish to congratulate you upon the first of your Alaska series appearing in The Outlook under date December 6. Your comprehension of Alaska conditions is remarkable. Your article meets with my hearty approval and is first article appearing in National periodical in years to my knowledge which I am sure will be received with general commendation by people of Alaska. Congratulations!

EDWARD C. MORRISSEY.

Falcon Joslin, who constructed the first railway in the Alaskan interior, running out of Fairbanks, tapping the river and adjacent placer grounds, wrote:

"I had no idea you or any one could grasp the situation in Alaska in the brief time in which you had to study it. Of course there are a multitude of other things about Alaska, but, in my judgment, you have picked the two most essential matters for present action. I have heard nothing but favorable comment on your article."

(C) Clinedinst
COLONEL FREDERICK MEARS

Colonel Frederick Mears was a member of President Wilson's Alaskan commission to determine the feasibility of building a railway. Later he became Chairman of the Alaskan Engineering Commission, in charge of constructing the Government railway from Seward to Fairbanks—467 miles. His views are worth listening to:

Department of the Interior,
Alaskan Engineering Commission,
The Alaska Railroad,
Washington, D. C., December 20, 1922.

My dear Mr. Rogers:

Upon my arrival in Washington last week I secured copies of The Outlook for December 6 and 13, containing your Alaska articles, and I want to take this opportunity to heartily congratulate you on the success of your efforts to put before the public reliable information on Alaska in most entertaining and readable style.

They are the best Alaskan articles I have seen in print, and I am sure they will do a great deal of good for Alaska. Keep up the good work until the people of the country come to a true understanding of Alaskan conditions, and an appreciation of the merits of your proposal for Federal aid in road building

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and a comprehensive development programme.

Very cordially yours,
F. MEARS,
Chairman and Chief Engineer.

COLONEL J. G. STEESE

Colonel James G. Steese, President of the Alaskan Road Commission, has full charge of the building of all roads and trails in the Alaskan interior: He writes to Mr. Rogers:

"Upon my arrival in Washington for my annual appearance before various committees of Congress upon Alaskan affairs, I have read with great interest and pleasure the first three of your series of articles upon Alaska appearing in The Outlook. So much has appeared in the press concerning Alaska, evidently written after a sail along the coast of southeastern Alaska or no visit to the Territory at all, that it is very gratifying to discover a man who will get into a flannel shirt and a pair of high boots and then allow sufficient time and subject himself to the inconveniences necessary to get at the facts on the ground. Allow me to congratulate you upon the thoroughgoing way in which you are handling the subject. . . .

"I am naturally most interested in your first, or 'give 'em roads' article, but throughout the series I am impressed by your intimate knowledge of the general situation. Not only are your statements true in themselves, but they present a proper picture or interpretation of the bare facts, a most important matter indeed.

"As you bring out in your first article, our Commission is the only Federal bureau permanently resident within the Territory and clothed by Congress with full powers to handle all business locally without reference to Washington. We have full authority and an adequate organization and equipment to handle the work; all we need is the most important element, *more money*. Your estimate of $15,000,000 for roads and trails is quite conservative. Double that amount could be profitably used if the same liberal Federal aid policy were applied to Alaska as to Nevada and our other Western States. Our Commission has been forced to be more modest in its estimates for funds.

"Your third article is most illuminating in bringing out the paramount part that transportation, whether by railroad, tramway, road, or trail, must have in any consideration of Alaska's interior development."

James A. Haight, prominent Seattle attorney and member of the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, expresses his opinion as follows:

"I am delighted with your article in The Outlook for the 6th inst. entitled 'Alaska the Misunderstood.' You vividly portray the vast and varied wealth of that Territory, the true character of the obstacles that have held it back, and the splendid development that will follow the removal of them.

"You correctly show that those obstacles have been practically removed except the fundamental one of long-distance Governmental control. You make it clear that with the United States owning and controlling 99½ per cent of the land of Alaska, the people who will bring into use this vast estate by homesteading its farm lands and developing its fisheries, mines, and forests will be entitled to local governmental administration, and will demand it, and will refuse to settle Alaska unless they have it.

"Your stirring campaign for this reform should receive universal support and should result in prompt and complete success."

Mr. J. L. McPherson, for many years Secretary of the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, prominent figure in Washington, D. C., in behalf of Alaska, and Nationally considered one of the best-informed men in the country on Alaskan resources, writes:

"I have just read with a great deal of interest your splendid article on Alaska, and heartily subscribe to all you say. You have put the subject before your readers in a most interesting and convincing manner that must result in aligning them in Alaska's behalf.

"I sincerely hope you will keep up your splendid work, in which you are to be congratulated."

Jack Underwood, Washington, D. C., representative of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, spent several years in Alaska as a prospector and explorer, and wrote one of the most authoritative books ever printed on Alaska, "Alaska, the Wonderland." He commends Mr. Rogers's articles in these words:

"I have read with a great deal of interest your second article on Alaska, and want to say that it's fine stuff. It is somewhat of a relief to find a writer who has brains enough to decorate his articles with pictures of something other than icebergs and polar bears."

Harold Crary, publicist, Seattle, writes:

"I have read with a lot of interest your first two articles on Alaska, and everybody around here feels that you have got down to bedrock and that there is not a word in either of the two articles that I have read that is not 100 per cent true.

"It is refreshing to read some real 'nose-bag dope' about Alaska in a publication of The Outlook's standing."

COLONEL W. P. RICHARDSON

Colonel W. P. Richardson is a true Alaskan pioneer, having seen twenty years' service in the Territory representing the Government, and he knows the needs of the Territory thoroughly. He writes:

"I have read with a great deal of pleasure your series of articles in The Outlook—the three that have been published, December 6, 13, and 20—and I wish to express to you my appreciation and to congratulate you upon the view-point which you present.

"Of the many articles and even books written concerning Alaska in the past which I have read, these articles in The Outlook give briefly about the best description that I know of the real conditions as they exist and give emphasis to what Alaska most needs.

"Roads and trails have always been one of the greatest needs of the Territory, and without them the Territory remained for a long time a wilderness practically unknown except along the coast. Now that the railroad has been built, this need becomes vastly greater in order to develop the area contiguous to the railroad, and to create tonnage for the railroad's support. . . .

Mr. Haines, Vice-President of the Admiral Line, plying Alaskan waters, says:

"I have read with great interest your first article on Alaska. You certainly, as usual, hit the nail on the head, and I agree with your conclusions. I shall watch with interest for the remaining articles."

Charles D. Garfield, Secretary of the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, an old-time Alaskan pioneer, thus voices his approval:

"You have depicted the situation in Alaska correctly. You are certainly a pretty keen young man to size up the situation so correctly upon the first observation. . . .

"Your articles are bound to do the country a lot of good. You have caught the spirit of the northland, and it will carry you on to the accomplishment of something constructive. It is a pleasure to have you getting across to the people the true situation."

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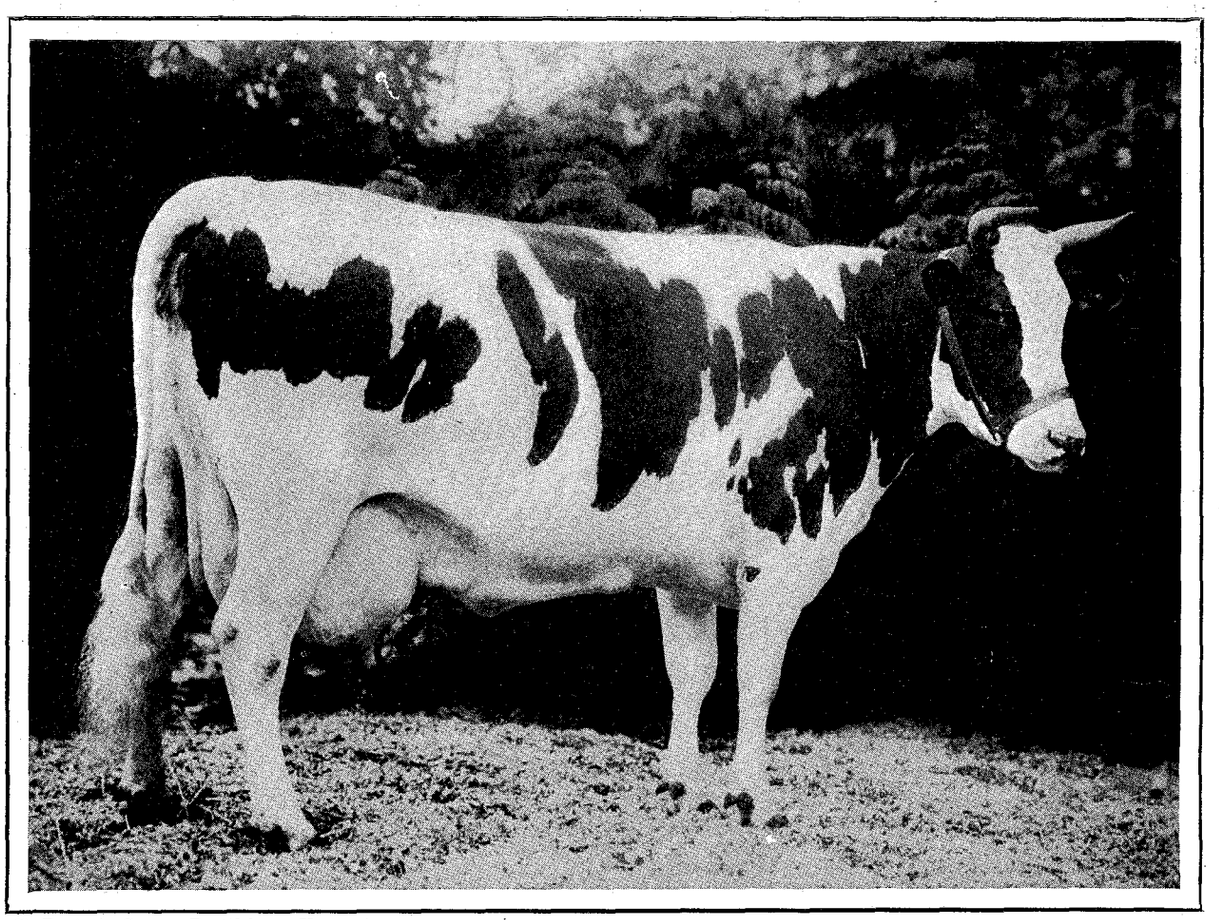

(C) Benj. A. Crown, Brattleboro, Vermont

THE CHAMPION MILCH COW—SEGIS PIETERTJE PROSPECT

This cow, owned by Carnation Stock Farms, Seattle, Washington, holds the world's record for yearly milk production over all breeds. Her record: 1 year, 37,384.1 lbs. milk; 1,445.9 lbs. butter; 7 days, 33.18 lbs. butter

WHY NOT CLEAN UP THE MILK IN THE COUNTRY?

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

SOME time ago we decided to increase the size of our dairy herd, and I set out to find the desired animals. Our herd is composed mostly of Jersey cattle, as we specialize in high-grade butter, and we wanted additional animals of that breed. A farmer offered me a fresh cow with a calf. The cow was a good-looking animal.

"How much milk does she give?" I asked.

"A lot of it," was the reply. "We get a pailful at a milking." (That is, by the way, a standard farm description of a good milker.)

"How much milk is that?" I asked.

"Why, she fills a fourteen-quart bucket."

"Do you mean that you get that bucket full twice a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, that's twenty-eight quarts a day. That's sixty pounds. If you are correct, you have a mighty good cow."

"Yes, sir. She'll do it."

"Are you sure it's a fourteen-quart bucket?"

"Well, now, it might be a twelve-quart bucket. But, anyhow, she gives a lot."

"Of course you don't really fill the bucket, no matter what its size. A bucket has to be level full to contain its rated capacity. So your twelve-quart bucket wouldn't really contain more than eleven quarts. Even so, you have a mighty good cow. That's forty-seven pounds a day. And if the milk runs five per cent butter-fat, that means better than 2⅓ pounds of fat a day. Are you sure about that milk pail?"

Just then the farmer's wife, who did the actual milking, came along. "Tillie," said the farmer, "what's the size of that bucket you use to milk this cow?"

"That's an eight-quart bucket," was the reply.

Apparently the situation was laughable enough. Actually it was tragic. For it was a perfect illustration of the reason why the average farmer does not, and cannot, get ahead. In his bright lexicon there is no such word as exactness.

If that farmer knew so little about one day's yield of his cow, what do you suppose he knew concerning her production for a year—a period during which the yield would normally dwindle after a few months, becoming steadily smaller as the animal drew nearer to the end of her lactation period? It is perfectly plain that he could know nothing whatever about the yield of his cow. He could not, and did not, have the remotest idea as to whether that cow gave three thousand or fifteen thousand pounds in a year. Yet he went right on feeding her, raising high-priced hay and grain to give her, although he hadn't the remotest idea whether he was making or losing money thereby. For every dollar's worth of food provided he might have been getting back $1.50, or he might have been receiving 63 cents. He had no idea which was the case.

That is what is the trouble with the average farmer of the old type, and mostly farmers are still of that sort. And, inasmuch as really good cows are scarce, most farmers are either actually losing money on their herds or making

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very little indeed. That is what is wrong with the milk business. That is one reason why the price of milk is high.

For this matter of inexactness is only one of the blights that so affect the business of farming these days. For other blights the farmer sprays with Bordeaux or something else; but for this blight he tries no remedy because he does not understand that it is a blight.

Last year I changed farmers on the first of August. The man I got rid of had been farming for more than a quarter of a century; yet such a thing as a balanced ration was worse than Greek to him. Not only did he not understand how to feed animals properly, but he could not be taught. He was incapable of reasoning. The new man came at a time when the pasture was fast burning up and when normally the herd should have dropped off materially in milk production. Yet the new man increased the yield more than twelve per cent merely by careful feeding.

To the layman it may occasion some surprise to know that differences in feeding will produce such differences in yield. Most people probably think that food is food, and, so a cow gets enough to fill her and to satisfy her appetite, she ought to give a maximum yield. That same sort of misunderstanding explains why the doctors find so many under-nourished human children. The children are filled up, but not properly fed. What they get has bulk, but little nourishment. It is often so with the cows.

The United States Department of Agriculture fed a mature Holstein cow on good pasture in summer and corn silage and alfalfa hay in winter, but gave the animal no grain. That cow consumed an unknown quantity of fresh grass during the 140 days she was on pasture, and ate 9,014 pounds of alfalfa hay and 8,985 pounds of silage during the remainder of the year—a matter of some nine tons of roughage. The cow produced 14,210 pounds of milk which contained 470.24 pounds of butter-fat. In the succeeding year, when, in addition to about the same amount of roughage, the cow ate 7,056 pounds of grain, the animal yielded 25,499 pounds of milk and 823.11 pounds of butterfat. Thus by the addition of a relatively small amount of the right sort of food the butter-fat production was almost doubled.

What such facts mean to the farmer in dollars and cents is shown by another recent investigation made by the United States Department of Agriculture. This investigation proved that cows which produced an average of 3,250 pounds of milk per annum showed an average yearly income of $32.25 above the cost of feed, while those averaging 13,250 pounds yielded an average income per annum of $218.19 above the cost of feed. The cows in this latter group produced less than four times as much milk as those in the first group, while the average income above the cost of feed was nearly seven times as great.

A cow is merely a machine for making milk. To be run to capacity she must be fed scientifically—that is, given every food element necessary for her to make her maximum production and yet fed so there is no waste. Merely to keep a cow alive requires a huge quantity of food. But such a mere maintenance ration will not enable the cow to produce milk in any quantity. It is the balanced ration, provided over and above the maintenance ration, that enables the cow to make milk. Unless this is provided in proper and sufficient quantities, what is fed for maintenance is largely wasted. And this feeding question offers a very nice problem in mathematics, indeed.

Now the particular Holstein cow mentioned above was one of the great cows of the world, for the number of cows that will produce 25,000 pounds of milk is very small. Furthermore, she was a Holstein, the cows of which breed yield enormous quantities of milk, though the milk is poor in quality. Animals of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds yield far less milk, but the milk produced is fifty to seventy-five per cent richer. But all cows, irrespective of their breed, will respond as the Holstein did to scientific feeding. Any feed that fills them will keep them alive, but to produce their maximum yield of milk they must have the proper quantities of protein, carbohydrate, and fat in their food—in short, they need a properly balanced ration.

Now a balanced ration does not consist of a scoopful of this and a pailful of that. It is a mixture of grains, with roughage, of which the protein, carbohydrate, fat, and fiber contents are known and provided in definite proportions, so as to form a scientifically compounded ration that will give a cow all the nourishment of every sort she needs and yet not waste anything. And when it is compounded, the farmer must learn, by trial, experiment, and record, to feed each cow the maximum quantity she can use profitably and yet not waste anything. It is a nice little problem that calls for a keen, analytical, observant mind. It goes without saying that a farmer who doesn't know whether his cow gives fourteen quarts or eight quarts at a milking can never figure out a balanced ration, or feed one properly if some one else balances it for him.

Because such a problem cannot be solved without the use of figures—actual figures in black and white—for there must be exactness. The milk must be weighed, the weights must be recorded, the butter-fat content must be ascertained, the quantities of feed consumed must be recorded, and the record must be studied. Without such records one can never know how much milk a cow gives, how much butter-fat she produces, how much she eats, or how much money is made or lost on her in a year.

For, strange as it may seem, no farmer really knows much about the yield of any cow unless he weighs and records the milk production. For cows vary so. Some milk heavily for two or three months after freshening, and then fall off rapidly. Some never give much at a milking, but their milk flow continues almost unabated throughout their lactation period. The best Jersey cow in our herd rarely gives us as much as 25 pounds a day, even under the most favorable conditions. Yet in a year that cow will give us close to 7,000 pounds of milk that often tests better than 6 per cent butter-fat. Very few farmers, milking her when she is fresh and presumably at her best, would give her a second thought. Yet we consider her a very valuable animal. If we could feed her and milk her several times a day, as cows are fed and milked in famous stock farms, there is no doubt the cow would give vastly more milk than we can get from her under ordinary farm conditions. We have another cow that milks very well when fresh, but she is marked for disposal. We can get hardly anything at all out of her after she has milked eight months. And her total yearly yield is not much more than 60 per cent of that given by the cow just mentioned.

Only by keeping careful records can one ascertain how cows vary in productiveness. The University of Illinois, after long and careful investigation, found that the dairy cattle of the country divided into three classes, with about equal numbers in each class. The average yearly production of the first third was estimated at 134 pounds of butter-fat. The second class averaged 198 pounds of butter-fat. The third produced 278 pounds. The cows in the first class actually impoverish their owners. The cattle in the second class do not yield enough profit to make it worth while to keep them. The third class are the mainstay of the dairy business. On the other hand, there are such cows as Lad's Iota and Plain Mary and Vive La France, all Jerseys, that have each produced more than 1,000 pounds of butter-fat in one year, and a few Holsteins that have given immensely more milk and quite a little more fat.

These huge producers have been bred up through generations. In the beginning their ancestors probably produced little more milk than other cows. But by weighing the milk, testing the fat content, properly feeding balanced rations, and providing the conditions conducive to good production, their owners have bred up these great cows. The breeding up is going on all the while. Hardly do we reach what seems the limit of possible milk production before a cow appears that does just a little better than any predecessor has done.

"Breeding up" and "feeding up" are steps in the solution of the milk problem. Proper feeding alone would vastly increase the amount of milk supplied by the present herds of the country. Proper breeding would, in the course of a decade, work wonders. That means five generations of cows. The use of pure-bred sires, the proper balancing and

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feeding of rations, and the keeping of milk records would make over our dairy herds in a decade. It is a matter of record that the calves born of common scrub cows but sired by pure-bred bulls average fifty per cent more milk than their dams. That increase does not continue from generation to generation in such great proportion, to be sure, but merely by breeding only from the best cows the dairy farmer can increase his yield wonderfully in a decade. But before he can do this he must know which are his best cows. That means that he must keep milk records. He must know more than merely that his cow gives a pailful when fresh.

In getting rid of his poor cows he must also get rid of his diseased animals. An appalling percentage of our American dairy cattle have tuberculosis. New York State is one of our leading dairy States. Yet thousands upon thousands of New York cattle are tubercular. The United States Department of Agriculture's report on tuberculosis eradication work for March, 1922, shows that of 13,076 cattle tested in the Albany, New York, district, 1,570 were tubercular, while in May 1,680 out of 20,165 had the disease. Where more intensive dairying is followed the percentage is higher. Not far from where I live, in Pennsylvania, is a State institution where they have been developing a prize herd of pure-bred cattle during the past fifteen years. The herd numbered a few more than 100. Recently 80 of them were found to be tubercular and were slaughtered. At another near-by institution, also with a prize herd intensively handled, a test was recently made, and only three cows in the herd were free from the disease. At still another institution practically every cow in a large herd was tubercular. And at these places no expense is spared to equip the barns properly and care for the animals well. I have seen statistics showing that in intensive herds a forty per cent infection is not uncommon. I believe it is often larger. Recently a near-by dairyman who had the prize herd of the county had to slaughter his entire herd of thirty or more cows. All were tubercular. My veterinarian tells me that, in his opinion, fully ten per cent of the cows in the rural districts are tubercular and that in intensive dairies near cities the percentage is very much greater.

Here is a third factor in the problem of cheap milk. It is far easier for the farmer to breed up and feed up his cows than it is to eradicate tuberculosis from the herd. To begin with, the chief stumbling-block is the matter of money. It costs us $15 or $20 to have our small herd tested by a private veterinarian. The average farmer cannot afford to pay so much money merely to find out whether his cattle are diseased or not. With the price of milk at $1.71 to $2.10 a hundredweight—a quart weighs 2.15 pounds—as it is here now, and with haulage charges to be deducted from that, the farmer has no $15 to spare; for we must remember what the University of Illinois said about the cattle the average farmer owns. In most States, and possibly all States, the commonwealth itself will test a farmer's cattle free of charge; but in that case the farmer puts himself in the hands of a State veterinarian. That official can order his cattle killed offhand, and there is no redress. Sometimes State veterinarians make mistakes. The average farmer distrusts them. He refuses to put himself at the mercy of men whom he does not know and in whom he has little confidence. For with the dairy farmer his cows are practically his capital. Wipe them out, and he is like a manufacturer whose uninsured factory vanishes in smoke.

To be sure, his loss is not a total loss. If the State condemns a cow, the State pays the farmer a given proportion of its value, and the Federal Government also reimburses him in part. But it always means heavy loss when a dairyman's herd is slaughtered. For the loss reaches further than part of the mere value of the cow. The dairyman cannot replace the animals he has lost. If he has been at all intelligent in his handling of his herd, he has done more or less breeding up, even though in an unscientific way. He has regularly sold the cows and the calves that he believed to be the poorest and kept those that he judged to be the best. When he buys from another dairyman, he must take what that dairyman is willing to sell, and that is always his poorest animals. So the farmer must begin at the bottom of the ladder again.

For it is simply out of the question for the average farmer to buy first-grade stock. At a recent auction sale of Jerseys at one of the well-known breeding establishments the average price of the animals sold was more than $700. These were cows that would produce 6,000 or 7,000 pounds of milk up to 10,000 or 12,000 pounds per annum. And individual animals of various breeds have sold for as much as the value of several average farms combined, even as much as $50,000 having been paid for a single bull.

The fact is that, as things stand today, many dairy farmers feel that they have nothing to gain and much to lose in having their herds tested. For, though milk-distributing companies have certain regulations concerning the way barns must be maintained and cows handled, there is really nothing to prevent a dairyman from selling the milk from tuberculous cows, and there is little incentive to make him want to get rid of such cows other than a natural desire to have his animals healthy. As milk is ordinarily collected and handled, the farmer receives no more for pure milk than for poor milk. He gets so much per hundredweight, according to the butter-fat content. Practically there is no inducement for the farmer to clean up his herds. Almost certainly such cleaning up means financial loss. And the average farmer does not read the signs of the times clearly enough to see that society will presently compel him to clean up.

So we have impure milk, and we shall probably continue to have impure milk until society decides to recompense the farmer in full for the loss he may sustain in bettering his service. And as long as we have impure milk we shall necessarily have to pay the enormously disproportionate prices now necessary for distribution. If Grade B milk sells in New York for 14 cents a quart, the producer gets 5 or 6 cents out of the 14. Only through pasteurization and similar costly methods of handling can our city dwellers be assured of a clean milk supply. Possibly city milk will always need to be pasteurized, though it really seems as though pure milk handled in a clean way should meet the needs of city folks. At any rate, if the present methods of milk production necessitate a greater cost for milk distribution than for production, society is paying a terrible price for tolerating such a condition. Cheaper by far would it be to recompense the farmer in full and then compel him to clean up his herds as fast as it can be done.

It may seem strange to city folks that any farmer would even consider the retention in his herd of a diseased animal. Farmers are no different in that respect from the city folks who defile the city air with tuberculosis-breeding smoke, who maintain fire-trap tenements, who sell adulterated foods. The farmer, however, labors under this great disadvantage. For years the best of the human stock on farms has been moving to the cities, and the cities have forged ahead in educational advantages and facilities, while, to say the least, the district schools in the country have stood still. We haven't begun to teach the farm lad to think, as we have taught the city lad. We have not equipped him nearly as well to handle his problems as we have equipped the city boy. The broadening, developing influence of the high school, so permeating in the city, is almost unknown in the country. The inevitable result has followed. The sharper man has lived at the expense of the less keen. The farmer has been robbed in considerable part of the just rewards of his labor.

To take away the farmer's property without adequate compensation amounts to confiscation. Society wants those diseased cows taken away and destroyed, but is not yet willing to recompense the farmer in full. The only way society can quickly rid itself of this menace of bovine tuberculosis is to grant full compensation to the farmer. To be sure, only a part of our tuberculous population has the bovine form of tuberculosis According to Dr. Edgar T. Shields, Medical Field Secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association, relatively few cases of tuberculosis in adults are due

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to infection from bovine tubercle bacilli, but among children, especially those of less than five years, the infection is high. Quoting Dr. Louis Cobbett, Secretary Shields says that bovine tuberculosis is the cause of about thirty per cent of childhood tuberculosis, seventy per cent of bone and glandular types, and ten per cent of all forms. Professor H. E. Babcock, a member of the United States Livestock Sanitary Commission, says that out of 5,830 known deaths from tuberculosis among children in 1919, 583 died from tuberculosis contracted from cattle. Professor Babcock also said that records show that in twenty-five per cent of all cases of tuberculosis in children under five years of age and in forty per cent of the cases of abdominal and joint tuberculosis of children under five years of age bovine tuberculosis bacilli are present.

Whatever the percentage, diseased cows are one of the sources of tuberculosis in humans. By the same token, they are one of the causes of high-priced milk. We are penny wise and pound foolish to save money by refusing to compensate the farmer in full for killing his tuberculous animals, and yet to continue to pay the resultant cost of pure milk and hospital upkeep. Would it not be cheaper and more sensible to pay a little more to the farmer and a good deal less for milk distribution and sanitariums?

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR LECTURER

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IF there is one Astonishing Moment in human life, it is that just before you Rise to Address the Audience. You gaze dubiously at those expectant faces, those intelli—well, at any rate, those friendly faces, all tilted a little bit upward. You speculate on the unconscious pathos of their cheerful aspect; you think how brutal it is that they are going to be disappointed. Suddenly you realize that the chairman is drawing to a close. Under your seemly appearance of deprecating attention, you haven't heard what he said. But, whatever it was, of course he makes it harder for you. The unwarrantably genial remarks he has uttered are probably only an inverted form of self-compliment; for, naturally, if he can represent you as a Great Orator, increased credit flows to him as magistrate of so exciting an occasion. He is turning and looking at you. You are up against it.

You shuffle to the front of the platform. (By the way, I *must* remember not to stand so close to the edge. The front row always think I am going to crash off on top of them.) To your own amazement, you find yourself saying something. By some horrible misjudgment, you are leaping right into the middle of your serious argument, which was to have been saved for the climax. You have forgotten the carefully planned local allusion, which was to have told the audience just why it gives you special pleasure to be in this particular place (viz., Morristown, Northampton, Englewood, Jamaica, Wilmington, or wherever it is—and it is really surprising how many tactful reasons can be given for being happy to visit any special town; but you always forget to mention them until too late; that sort of thing ought to be done at the start, or they'll think you are just dragging it in.)

I have by nature absolutely no aptitude for the occult art of public utterance. I have given numerous painful demonstrations of this fact. Therefore, since it is always the art in which one is clumsiest that one craves to expound, I propose to lay down the principles of platform technique. I observe with amazement (looking over my budget in order to file my income tax return) that a number of organizations have paid me respectable—even generous—fees for "addressing" them. Yearning, quite naturally, that this should happen oftener, and also to hearten fellow-artists and artistes, here I depose the dogmas of forensic efficiency. The first great lesson is, Never try to give an improving lecture. People get so much uplifting stuff in the newspapers and the ads and the Pelmanism Courses and Coué clinics that they go to lectures, if at all, in a vague hope of a rousing ha-ha. I have tried occasionally to give a serious and inspiring talk, and it was always so depressing to see those hopeful faces gradually corrugate, pucker, and droop that I bitterly regretted it. So now, instead of trying to elevate an audience, I try to drag it down to my own level. This is easier, for you are running with the general force of gravity, instead of against it. If you try to deprave an audience, it will co-operate with you.

Second—I used to envy those polished speakers who wear coats with little tails in the afternoon and are perfectly composed and unruffled. But some years ago, in the high-spirited city of Boston, I learned another valuable truth. The audience rather resents a speaker who is too calm and assured. For there is a streak of innate cruelty in every audience. It likes to think, every now and then, that the lecturer is in a hole; that he is stuck and doesn't know how to go on. The way I learned this, I repeat, was at a dinner in Boston. I don't know how I happened to be there; it was during the war; there were some very accomplished speakers present who had come back from France and had thrilling things to tell. One of them, I think, was a major-general—he had a lot of stars on his shoulders, and spoke with gallant zeal. After several such speakers, who had quite legitimately warmed the gathering to a considerable Fahrenheit of enthusiasm, they called on me. I had ruminated only a few pitiful remarks about books (it was some sort of a convention of booksellers, I think), and these were now hopelessly inappropriate. I was gruesomely embarrassed, and floundered about in painful distress. Indeed, I was quite decomposed with despair, and in order to remember the few small ideas I had picked up from the preceding speakers I seized wildly upon some of the table utensils—salt-shakers, sugar-bowls, tumblers, dishes of peanuts, etc.—to serve as reminders of what I wanted to say. I rounded them all up in front of me, grabbed them one by one, held them up in a shaking fist, arranged them in patterns as I spoke, and stumbled through some sort of disordered homily. (I think perhaps the major-general had also used tableware to illustrate the disposition of troops in France; that may have suggested the parody to me.) At any rate, I was in acute agony; but, to my astonishment, the crowd began to halloo, and seemed to enjoy it. My neighbors at the high table began shoving coffee-cups and other things toward me to give me more ammunition. Afterwards a distinguished Philadelphia publisher took me aside and said: "The way you pretended to be embarrassed was simply stunning. I never saw anything so skillful. It was immense."

In vain I insisted, still perspiring, that I had truly been half crazed with shame and uncertainty. No, he would not believe it. He would have it that it was the subtlest counterfeit of clownish bashfulness that he had ever seen, and he wrung my hand with honest congratulation.

Of course I suppose that perfectly genuine embarrassment may lead one into strange antics of deportment that one does not suspect. There was a lecture down in New Jersey where I thought I had fairly well dissembled my inward unease. An elderly gentleman in the front row laughed so hard that he was seized with a fit of coughing and had to go out. But later I heard that a local parson was very indignant, and had complained to some of his congregation that it was an outrage a man should come to that very aristocratic town and deliver a lecture in a state of intoxication. As I had been spending the hours preceding the lecture in the home of

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some very well-known Quakers, this accusation was obviously inaccurate.

But the conclusion I draw is that, generally speaking, it is very well to *pretend* to be embarrassed. Then, if moments come when you really are in a pinch, the audience will ascribe it to your great artfulness. It is well to explain that your lectures are calculated with great skill, and that you make little pauses now and then when you may perhaps give the *appearance* of being embarrassed. But this, you tell them, is not embarrassment at all; you make those little pauses so that any one who is dissatisfied can get up and go out without making any disturbance.

The theories I have evolved about lecturing, by the way, do not apply at all to those happy creatures who make extended tours round the country giving the same address or series of addresses over and over again. That of course is delightfully easy—any one can memorize a speech and keep delivering it with huge pleasure. If the cities are far enough apart, so that there is no danger of the same person hearing the stuff twice, your problem is no problem at all. That isn't speaking—it's just *reciting*. For my own part, I am always terrified by the thought that when I go to (for instance) Englewood, there might, by evil hap, be some one there who had been in Hartford a few weeks before. (People do move round a great deal nowadays.) When I went to Morristown, New Jersey, I thought I saw in one of the front rows a stout, austere, impressive-looking lady whom I had noticed previously at a lecture somewhere else. Consequently I was afraid to say anything that I had ever said before anywhere, and the whole occasion was ruined. Afterward I found out (I am a little short-sighted) that what I had thought was the terrifying lady was only an obese pile of fur coats laid on one of the numerous empty chairs.

One of the pleasures of public speaking is that you don't have to worry about punctuation. The audience has to supply it according to its own tastes. Another interesting thing about a speech is the number of places where the lecturer might stop—places that would make perfectly splendid conclusions—but where he does *not* stop. It keeps an audience alert to speculate how soon he is going to end.

Then there is another great truth that I have discovered. When there are a number of speakers on the programme, why is it that each one always speaks too long? This is why. The speakers, during dinner, have been confiding each to other that they really have nothing to say and don't know just what they are going to talk about. (Liars!) And therefore each one talks just as long as he can from a sense of duty, to try to help out his fellow-victims.

The audience, then, rather enjoys your seeming to be timid and feverish. It also enjoys being complimented a little. But this flattery must be done in a very artful way. It must be done in the guise of chaffing them. You will tell them, for instance, that you had really intended only to make a few cheerful remarks on some light-minded, frivolous topics; but, that looking over the house, you see this is quite a different sort of gathering from any you have ever encountered before. Intellect and beautiful seriousness, you say, you can see exhaling from them like an opalescent mist. You pause a moment in pretended hesitation. Yes, you exclaim, this is undoubtedly the One Audience you have been looking for all your life—the Perfect Audience, to whom you can confide your Really Serious Stuff. This, you continue, beaming tenderly at them, is evidently your chance—probably your only chance ever—to give your long-postponed harangue on "The Anatomy of Melancholy," which has been billed in a hundred halls but never yet uttered because never—until to-night—have you seen an audience that looked to have so much staying power. "This is going to be a great night for me!" you cry, ecstatically, and you turn to Madame Chairman. "Would you mind," you say to her, "if we just discard the announced topic [which was "The Husband's Place is in the Home"], and give the other lecture instead?" She stirs about uneasily in the high Jacobean chair put for the presiding officer, and very likely her little bag and gloves and list of announcements slide to the floor in her distress. But what can she do but give you her permission? And then of course you go ahead with the original lecture just the same.

In these ways you keep the audience wondering whether you are really unbalanced or not; and of course by the time they have made up their minds you are out of town. Let me just add that this business of pretending you have found the destined audience—your true mate and affinity among audiences—must be done very carefully in New England. A New England audience is the most charming in the world, but it must be approached reverently, and you must not get too gay until you feel it beginning to relax.

Just while I think of it—many young lecturers who are of a full-blooded physiology make a serious mistake by going to a barber and getting shaved immediately before the lecture. A small-city barber always shaves one too close; he razors right down to the actual meat, and leaves you glowing and rosy. Then when you get on the platform the constriction of your boiled shirt and stiff collar, added to the natural excitement of the occasion, flush you so frightful a scarlet that you are immediately at a disadvantage. This applies, I suppose, only to those who, like myself, are of a very ruddy tint.

Another serious problem to be faced by a man talking to ladies' clubs is what to do about the other men who occasionally appear in the audience. Particularly if your topic is "The Husband's Place is in the Home" (I find this a title that ladies' clubs greatly relish) you have a right to seem surprised and even indignant that these creatures have contradicted you. But this is really a matter of much delicacy. When your audience consists of a large number of women, with just a few men wedged unhappily in, it should be a point of honor to get those misfortunate brothers on your side. The probability is that they will be darkly prejudiced against you, and are only there under duress. You must begin by immediately taking them into your confidence and disarming their hostility. You will say that you always feel it is a mistake for women's clubs to make husbands' attendance compulsory, and that if any husbands are here against their better instincts it will be all right for them to slip away. The lecture (you look at your watch) will be over by five o'clock, and if they will just be back at the front door by that time they will be able to see that the ladies get home safely.

If you are of a timid and sensitive disposition, you may be disconcerted by the enigmatic way in which these husbands will be watching you. For the demeanor of a man who finds himself kidnapped into a meeting of a women's club is just as quaint as that of a woman who has blundered into a smoking car—a situation that has been immortally described by Mr. Don Marquis. There is nothing for it but courage. (After all, you have just as much right there as they have.) Every now and then, if you see that they are still present, you can throw in a propitiatory remark for their benefit. Or it may be well to pretend not to have seen them until half-way through the talk. Then, as though much startled, you will pause and feign regret for having given away some of the secrets of the husband guild. Perhaps you will exclaim that you have just observed there are eavesdroppers present—Adam and Evesdroppers—and that you must be more cautious. If you see that, in spite of your efforts, these menacing persons are still stony, then my advice is not to leave the house by a stage door, which often opens into a lonely alley.

But of course no definite rules can be laid down for conduct in emergencies. Occasionally, for instance, there may even be a little applause during the lecture. No matter how startled you may be by this, it is well not to exhibit any emotion. Take it quite calmly, as though you had deserved it.

For the most fascinating feature of the whole business is that you can never tell beforehand what is going to happen, or how it is going to turn out. An occasion to which you may have looked forward with some private eagerness, feeling that it will be a success, is likely to prove a hideous frost. For some unexplainable reason—perhaps a sleepless night in a train, or a too generous ex-

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pectancy on the part of your hosts, or a much larger audience than you had anticipated, or any of a hundred reasons—you will get off on a wrong foot, find yourself unable to get *en rapport* with the crowd, and make a disheartening fizzle. And again, sometimes a meeting which you approach in that familiar state of panic, with burning cheek-bones and clammy hands, feeling like the familiar misquotation of "the pale martyr with his shirt on fire," will prove an unexpected and unearned happiness. There are rare moments when, like O. Henry's Andy Tuttle, you will feel millions of synonyms and parts of speech rising in you; when a sense of the irresistible comedy of mankind burns in your veins, and you know that both the audience and yourself are having a good time. And, more often, there are those indescribably horrible collapses when you would be grateful to any one who would put you out of your misery, and you wonder what evil demon persuaded you to make yourself a public idiot.

So you may as well be resigned to certain undeniable facts. It is a hard saying, but the audience gives its heart most readily to a speaker who uses no notes—none whatever. This means that more than probably you will be certain to forget the One Thing you most wanted to say. Never mind—no one else will know you have forgotten it. The chief mistake the beginning speaker makes is attempting to hold solid in his consciousness the full text of what he hopes to emit. This is not only impossible, it is the cause of that anguished stammering and uncertainty. If you have in your mind a fairly clear outline of what you intend—it may be only a kind of mental photograph of the sheet of paper on which you have scribbled a synopsis—you will find (if luck is present) that your stuff flows along copiously enough. Things you didn't know you knew will pop astoundingly into your head and arrive excellently apt. No one will suspect, moreover, that some of those seemingly bashful impromptus may have been bitterly excogitated beforehand. And in your accesses of trouble console yourself with this thought—that if you never outgrow your spasms of infelicity, at any rate you will never become smug and oratorical. As some one once said, "How many fluent Grenville Kleisers would we not exchange for one stammering Charles Lamb?" We shall never approach the beautiful and graceful gift of such charmers as Stephen Leacock, or Tom Daly, or Will Rogers; but, at any rate, we shall avoid the automatic lubricity of Chrysostoms and attorneys-general.

Now of course the art of public speaking is a favorite subject of instruction on the part of magi who prey on our credulity. A few little booklets by mail—they keep telling us—will impart the secret, the simple psychological tricks that unfailingly "dominate" an audience. But I have been rash enough to listen to some of those magi speaking, and they deal in raw and gaudy fustian. I have a suspicion that, like any other art, there are no rules—only intuitions. There is no substitute for sincerity. The literal meaning of the word *intuition* reminds me of that brave line of Sir Philip Sidney which is the final and complete counsel in all the arts:

> Fool! said my Muse to me—look in thy heart and write!

And, indeed, I would not have taken the trouble even to put down these puerile and uninvited broodings if it were not that, as a bungling beginner in the great American art, I desired to clarify my own ideas.

In conclusion, a word of advice to women's clubs. Don't have your stationery embossed in gold. It is an expensive luxury; for when a lecturer gets an invitation to speak written on gold-lettered paper he amorously doubles his fee. I once got as high as $225 from a women's club for a lecture, simply because the secretary wrote to me on a gilded letterhead. That is probably more than any speech is worth—to the audience.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

WITH SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT TYPES DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR THE OUTLOOK BY USA GOMBARG

NEW YORK. The open cobbled space before the docks in the Fiftieth Streets was crowded with a gesticulating mass of men and women, whose dark clothing stood out in contrast to the bright yellow suitcases piled high on the street, surrounded by clinging masses of dark-eyed and dark-skinned children.

I stared at the hatless women in their black dresses, at the men in their collarless shirts. What was this? Ellis Island on a day when a full steamer had arrived from Italy? Of course not, since this was a dock in the Fiftieth Streets.

As I looked closer, however, I began to note differences. Yellow suitcases of cardboard or oilcloth replaced the coarse linen bundles, and some of the women wore store clothes. It was the men, however, who showed the most distinct signs of Americanization: their suits were differently cut and their feet gave the characteristic pug-nose effect. Their facial expressions were also more sophisticated: there was none of that *naif* wonderment, and their rosy cheeks were gone. Yes, these were Americans. I did not doubt it any more.

An ex-newsboy, dolled up in the latest Yankee style

They were Italians returning to Italy. A shifty-looking individual circulated among them, selling Italian lire, and all around rose the hubbub of many Italian dialects. I heard no English.

"Why are you going back?" I asked a woman who sat on a bright yellow suitcase with three children.

"No vork hir," she answered hesitatingly in English, covering the painfully laconic answer by a flood of smiles. Her hair was severely smoothed back and she wore the black silk dress which is almost a uniform among Italian women of the lower classes.

With the aid of one of her boys, who helped when even my simple sentences were too intricate, I found out that she had been in the United States eight years, that her husband was a miner, that there was no work and they were consequently returning to Italy, where they have a little farm. They intend to live there on their savings, which, here, would last them but a sort time.

"No kom bak," she repeated insistently, shaking her head. And I looked at her and wondered what America had given her.

On another pile of yellow suitcases I picked out a young mother holding a

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An Italian plasterer and concrete mixer who has been in the United States long enough to lay up a comfortable fortune in his native money

American and "flapper" to her marrow, but going back home to Italy for good

A shoemaker by trade who expects to live comfortably for the rest of his days without too much effort

baby. She was quite distinctive because she wore a hat and her cheap jewelry was so obviously American. She spoke a fluent English.

"I was born here," she explained, "but me and my husband are returning to Italy—yes, for good. We have a farm there."

"Do you think you'll like it there, after America?" I asked.

"I guess so," she answered, with the characteristic fatalism of the Latin woman. Her husband had also been a miner, and they planned to start some small business in Sicily on their savings.

There were hundreds of emigrants on that dock—the official figure was over one thousand—and all were hurrying away. Many intended only to visit their home country, whereas others spoke of their farms and of Italian sunshine with deep longing. One old woman in a long-sleeved and high-necked tight bodice of black lace, with a silk kerchief on her gray head, was returning there to die—it could not have been to live for long—after fifteen years in the United States.

There has always been a stream of emigration, the statistics for which have often been overlooked in computing immigration data. Even in the halcyon days of immigration, when the daily arrivals numbered in thousands, emigration took back one half of the immigration. But the three per cent limitation on incoming aliens has now changed all the relative figures.

The immigration from Italy, for example, numbered 40,876 from July 1, 1921, to May 31, 1922, according to the latest report issued by the Commissioner-General of Immigration. During the same period emigration from this country to Italy reached 50,324, thus showing a definite excess of emigration over immigration. Of course this figure does not represent a total loss to this country, as my wanderings along the docks showed, for great numbers of people were only returning for visits. But there is little doubt that many were returning for permanent settlement in Italy; they had obtained what America had to give them and they were going.

America often fails to hold the immigrant; the Italian longs for his special brand of sky and for his church festivities—weak imitations of which often gaudily decorate the dingy tenements of New York's "Little Italy." With flags a-flying, church processions solemnly wind between lines of vegetable-laden pushcarts and squawling children, whose childhood is spent in the gutters among garbage cans. Small wonder that so many of them dream of the "old country." There is plenty of dirt there, too, but somehow it is a different dirt. One capacious Italian woman, moreover, gave me a new light on this exodus.

She was seated on numerous yellow suitcases, without a hat and with a small shawl over her shoulders, with two little girls perched beside her.

A young artificially blonde Italian girl

"No possible educate children here," she explained to me in answer to my question; "no respect here for parents or church or anything. Too much movies. I go take children back to Italy—make nice children."

And I felt sorry that she was going, for though she had not learnt much English and did not wear a hat, there was keen intelligence in her look and her children would make good Americans.

During the year following the Great War, I remember Ellis Island crowded with aliens, who had rushed back to the "old country," and then fled back here, conscious Americans, disgusted with the European débâcle. But three years have passed; Europe is rapidly reconstructing her farm life, whereas the United States is now facing endless strikes; and once more the tide of emigration has set in.

On other docks I saw returning Scandinavians and numbers of Slavs, and most of them told me the same story: they were returning to settle on farms bought with American money.

"No work here," one Polish woman told me. "We go back. Better for the children: they get plenty fresh milk and eggs and get red cheeks."

Her husband has been a janitor during their ten years' sojourn in New York, which is synonymous with life underground, since janitors usually occupy basement flats. Now he could find no work. The children looked pale and pasty. But, talking with the peasant mother, I realized that America had given her a great deal—a keen appreciation for health—and it seemed a great pity that she had to leave this country in search of it.

It is almost possible to judge the prosperity of the different European countries by these emigration statistics—usually not the actual condition, but that

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which has been advertised in this country. 3,049 Czechs came here during the last year and 4,128 returned to their mother country. There is little doubt that a large percentage of this exodus represents normal traveling of business men. The same is true of most of the other new Slavonic countries; 3,755 Croatians and Slovenians came to this country, and 3,914 returned to Europe. The Slovaks have been less enterprising, for 5,947 came here and only 3,203 returned to their own country. This can be considered as a definite index of the attitude of Slovaks in general towards their new homeland.

Probably the most eloquent figure is that of the Poles, for it proves that Polish patriotism is much more than mere words. The immigration reached 6,209 during the last year, whereas the emigration jumped to 29,986. Three years ago Polish patriotism carried thousands back to a desolated Poland, and they returned here, disillusioned. But now, judging by the few I talked with on the docks, these people are returning to farms, which have already been bought. In many cases the wife and children go first to settle and start up the farm, leaving the husband to earn as much as possible in the United States before joining them in their new-old home. It is a reversal of the immigration wave to this country. Moreover, I noticed a different attitude towards life. The immigrant arriving here talks only of the high wages he is going to earn—he dreams of the dollars flowing into his pockets. The emigrant on the docks speaks of his little farm in the "old country," of a quiet life and of sunshine and good food. The element of money-making is entirely lacking: he is not returning with that in mind. He is going back to live and enjoy life.

The Bulgarian, Serbian, and Montenegrin statistics are also significant, for only 1,358 of these people came here,

An ex-vaudeville actor

whereas 5,559 returned to their mother countries. Once again we see patriotism at work: the desire to return home to help build up something on the ruins left by the war. The Scandinavians show by their statistics that the war has left no scars; 15,570 people came here and only 3,868 returned to Europe.

Of the English 27,195 came to the United States and only 8,407 returned home. And this rush to America is quite characteristic of most of the countries which lost heavily during the Great War. Germany has sent us 28,462 immigrants, and only 5,311 emigrants left us. France has lost 12,467 citizens, and 3,099 returned home. Ireland's immigration figures reach 15,127, while her emigration is 2,104. On the other hand, Lithuania, one of the new and still problematical countries, sent 1,425 immigrants here, whereas 4,395 emigrants returned to take chances under their newly acquired freedom.

Active warfare also has an immediate reflex on these statistical data. The Greeks, during the war with Turkey, showed emigration statistics of 7,117 as against 3,794 immigrants to this country; China also shows an excess of emigration—3,866 Chinese entered this country and 5,855 left during the last year.

Another significant set of figures is that of the Armenians and Turks. During the last year 2,238 Armenians came here, while 231 went away. With the Turks the proportion is definitely reversed: 38 Turks came here and 250 returned to their home country.

This last report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration lies like a ghost before me—a ghost of the past. I remember so vividly days when four thousand immigrants passed through Ellis Island in one day, when the smell of carbolic mingled with the stench of the steerage, and it was possible to judge the numbers of immigrants by the smell that hung over the big receiving room. The officials are still rushed at Ellis Island, but this is due to the big cut in the personnel—the line of immigrants is thin compared to the past. One million immigrants entered our ports some years, but last year we received only 284,780, and of this number 186,175 returned to Europe, leaving us a net gain of 98,105 aliens. Of course, as I have said before, this does not represent actual loss or gain in people, for the "wanderlust" has seized our immigrant colonies, and they do not hesitate to pack up their belongings in yellow suitcases and, surrounded by a bouquet of children, plunge into the steerage for a holiday across the ocean. And no matter how much I asked or suggested, not one of these emigrants would admit that it was hard traveling with many children. They accept this handicap as they accept most things in life—with stolid indifference and infinite faith that all will be well.

A rich Italian landlady with property in the Bronx

A girl student

A lady vegetable vender

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BURNT BY BOLSHEVISM

BY GEORGE L. MOORE

HUNGARY'S feelings and opinions on the subject of Bolshevism are not those of the detached scientific analyst. The man who has been bitten by a scorpion does not contribute the same sort of estimate of that creature to the field of knowledge as the observer who watches its movements at a safe distance; yet his opinion of scorpions deserves respect and may contain a germ of helpfulness to the traveler in scorpion country.

Bela Kun, Karolji, and their henchmen have left an impress on the Magyar Kingdom which will never be effaced. The Red terror and its no more delightful successor, the White terror, are seared on the memories of every Hungarian. A chirpy, friendly little black-gowned woman who occupied the next chair to mine on the Francis Joseph Promenade in Budapest raised her hands when she heard the word *Rot* in a silent supplication. "May Jesus keep it from coming again!" she said. The same devotion may not characterize every such burst of feeling, but the intensity is just as great. "We must oppose all the insinuations of Bolshevism more than we fight cholera or spotted typhus," declared Admiral Hörthy at a recent public gathering in Budapest.

To reinforce the antipathy which issued from experiences with Bolshevism in their own country Hungarians hear constantly of the experiences of prisoners returned from Russia. One of the most striking of such contributions was made recently by a detachment of eighty-seven former officers of the old Hungarian army who have been held as hostages by the Soviet for the safety of Communists in the custody of Hungary. Some of these men were captured in 1915 and have been under the Czarist, the Workmen-Soldiers', the Kolchak, and Bolshevist régimes. They unanimously vote Bolshevism incomparably the worst of the lot, and every man among them expressed his determined conviction that no recuperation of Russia is possible under the present régime, with which no political or commercial agreement is anything but a sham and treachery to the interests of the Russian people.

This pitifully sick, broken, and aged remnant of prisoners represents the relatively few Hungarians who did not either perish from sword or famine or choose to "howl with the wolves" when Bolshevism took control in Russia.

"One of the Bolshevists' first objectives was the corruption of war prisoners," said Georg Petricevic, an ex-colonel. "Thousands of them chose to embrace the Red propaganda in the hope of getting food and clothing. Many became the most rapacious terrorists. Much of Russia's misery is due to these alien proletarians who came for the most part from the large cities in Central Europe. They saw in Russia's plight an opportunity for personal exploitation. The cleverest of them became controllers of the vast newspaper propaganda in all languages, through which glowing promises were flared before the Russian people and war prisoners invited to share in the loot and become powerful leaders in the new land of freedom. Ex-prisoners make up the entire personnel of some of the worst terrorist regiments, among them the notorious 'International Death Regiment,' which we hostages met several times to our everlasting horror.

"These ex-prisoners and other non-Russian parasites have gotten for themselves positions as local commissionaires under the Soviet and in every way have feathered their own nests by becoming men of confidence, spies, and active terrorists. They compose the guild which throughout Russia and Siberia has contained so much power that even Lenine has cause for uneasiness. The Communist Bucharin went so far as to say that these parasites should be shot at the rate of twelve a day.

"To-day Russia whispers that these foreign blood-suckers and their big bosses must go. Except for a fraction of one per cent of the present Russia, any glitter Bolshevism may have had is rubbed off. No one believes any longer in the self-styled apostles of freedom. Throughout that great country which seems so pitifully impotent in this terrible experience every one reviles the Soviet, but no one as yet dares give loud expression to his convictions. Every free and honest word has been suppressed from the beginning. And all know that if the accused is not found, his mother, father, sisters, and even the little children will be brought to book in the most bloody fashion. Isolated revolts are becoming more frequent, but in such a gigantic land a strong organization is especially necessary for the successful re-establishment of peace and order. All of Russia looks and longs for the savior, the great leader, who will emerge and lead them from the wilderness. All long for a government which can bring personal safety, employment, and food in place of the present chaos and dissolution. The Soviet say constantly that the collapse of Russia was due to the nature of all revolutions. But the people are slowly coming to see that, not the revolution, but the Bolshevist system is responsible for nearly all their miseries. The nationalist current grows steadily more strong and seems to lack only leadership in order to overthrow Bolshevism 'in a night' just as it came."

Colonel Petricevic summarized the impressions of the hostages gathered in their long and weary journeyings, with stops often of a week or a month, from Krasnoiarsk, the prison center in Siberia, to Moscow, Petrograd, and Riga:

"No one has food or goods except the *nouveaux riches*, the commissionaires, and the countless other officials and their families. They have good clothes and ride in automobiles. The clothes are comparatively good, not luxurious Underwear is almost unknown. Even the 'aristocratic ladies' wear shoes without stockings, as they are not to be had. *Schieberei* (profiteering and speculating) are rampant. In most parts of Russia no one accepts the depreciated money. Think of these prices (of May, 1922): one pound of bread, 220,000 rubles; one pound of beef, 1,200,000 rubles; one egg, 100,000 rubles; one cup of milk, 100,000 rubles! So, instead of troubling to try and get enough of the ridiculous money, most of the trading is by the primitive barter and exchange, even in markets and bazaars. The militia and police join with the thieves. Bolshevists have so brutalized the people that stealing is matter of course and is insignificant compared with the other violations of the moral law. They have suppressed religion. Schools and courts have descended to the lowest stage. Teachers, professors, judges, are unqualified young people. But then, under the present system, no one does the work for which he is qualified. The former professor is trying to be an artisan if he is still allowed to live; the former artisan is a judge. The tribunal courts and the Ceka, confidential arm of the Soviet, make legal decisions without knowledge of law, according to a policy of cruelty and arbitrariness. All old men are despised and many of them are deliberately starved to death. It is not surprising to find cannibalism a fact where people wear the skins of animals and, though once kind and good-natured, snarl and bark like beasts.

"The spiritual break-up of the Russian people is sadder by far than the collapse of industrial and economic life. It is the thing for which the reawakened Russians will finally cast Sovietism into the fire. They realize that Moscow can only live by deceiving outsiders as they deceived Russia and forming alliances with self-respecting countries.

"Many Russians summed the whole thing up for me when they said: 'This system has robbed us of the power to work and pray. We must overthrow it to get back those priceless gifts without which no people can live.'"

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HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT, HOT OR COLD?

From W. A. Fishbaugh, Miami, Florida

OUTDOOR THEATRICALS IN COCOANUT GROVE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

(C) Paul Thompson

WINTER SPORTS AT LAKE PLACID

Winter pleasure seekers are here seen, while on an overnight hike, stopping to warm up over a bonfire at the foot of one of the Adirondack peaks

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE RECENT FICTION

ARCHDEACON Brandon dominates Mr. Walpole's novel[1] even as he for many years dominated the affairs of Polchester Cathedral. Not that there are not other characters well drawn; but their ambition, malevolence, or moral weakness all bear a part in the assaults of destiny upon the Archdeacon and in his distressful collapse. Long he has been arbiter and ruler; that his power and influence should be overthrown is to him unthinkable. If he seems vain, it is an innocent reflection of his confidence in his own ability; he is not self-conceited but he is naïvely self-sufficient, he cannot conceive that his wisdom can be questioned. Yet fate undermines him in his ecclesiastical supremacy, in his love for his son, in his wife's fidelity, in his self-control. He had towered magnificently among his fellow-men; great and lamentable was his fall.

The Cathedral itself, in all its grandeur and beauty, stands out as a symbol of a dead religious life, as an ancient bulwark against modernism in religious thought, as a refuge and fortress for the ecclesiastical as against the spiritual. All this is subtly indicated rather than bluntly asserted.

It must not be thought that the book is lacking in vivid human interest; the intrigue, gossip, and scheming are concretely shown through men and women of contrasted character and temperament. It is always a pleasure to note Mr. Walpole's skill in developing his chosen theme and to recognize his clarity and richness as a writer of English.

Donn Byrne[2] in his treatment of Irish themes reminds one of James Stephens in ardor of imagination and in poetical feeling, but he has less of the whimsical and more of actuality. We follow his hero from his boyhood in Irish glens and mountains, over the seas, in Eastern lands, and wherever "the wind bloweth." There are dramatic episodes, colorful incidents of the days of the clipper ships, glints of humor, and dark passages of conflict and tragedy. The genius of the true Irish imagination pervades the book. It is a little masterpiece to those who prefer art and power in writing to what is superficially clever.

Mr. McFee's "Command"[3] is not so much a book of the sea as it is a close study of a seaman's character acted upon by fate, chance, and hard experience. Spokesly, second mate in the British merchant service, is conceited, stupid, and blind to his own disabilities. He gets pitchforked by death into the first mate's berth, then into actual "command"—and a fine mess he makes of it! Yet in his adventures in Eastern waters during war time luck gets him out of some bad scrapes a little wiser, a good deal humbler, and with a fair prospect of becoming a good officer and a decent citizen. The study is intensive, yet a little too detailed. Mr. McFee, himself an engineer officer in the merchant service, describes the confused war conditions at Saloniki realistically.

MAY SINCLAIR

Miss Sinclair's new story[4] is a marvelously compact piece of writing. She indicates depths of character, carries on dialogue, deals with subtleties of psychosis, conveys just what she wants the reader to see, all with a minimum of adjectives and adverbs, and with an astounding preponderance of short, simple common English words. I was so struck with the last-named trait of style that I counted the one-syllable words on a certain page and found them to number 16 out of 215—a record hard to beat.

There seem to be two objectives in this story, two human experiences that the author wants to treat in the psychological implications. The first runs through the greater part of the novel; in it Miss Sinclair really does what Mr. Maxwell did in his "Spinster of This Parish"—that is, she postulates a love so supreme, unselfish, and undying that it is ennobled, so that our human sympathy goes with it even though fate drives it into relations socially and legally forbidden. The other *motif* arises in the later episodes of the novel when a Freudian cure is wrought on the wife who sub-consciously knows that her husband does not love her, is in real danger of death from cardiac collapse because of that sub-conscious repression (consciously she has no suspicion of her husband's infidelity), and is cured physically by the shock when she learns the truth. There really isn't much connection between these two curious problems, but they are treated with extreme cleverness.

It has been common to call Merrick a novelists' novelist. Mr. Baring's "Overlooked"[5] might aptly be classed as a novel for novelists. It is a quietly satirical demonstration of the fact that novelists do not always interpret the material of real life any better than other people. Here a complex love affair goes on under the eyes of the supposed narrator, is watched by a novelist eager for raw material, and is submitted in a written report to a literary critic. Of the three the novelist makes much the worst work in solving the mystery of "who loves who." The reader is probably quite as much puzzled as any of these experts. The thing is a trifle but it is done with skill and is certainly a novel theme and an odd idea for a social comedy.

Not many "cloak and sword" tales have had as wide a reading as Stanley J. Weyman's dashing "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe." They came as near as any English books ever have come toward equaling the fascination of Dumas's stories. Now, thirty years later, Mr. Weyman gives us a new story.[6] It is quite different in type, but it is decidedly strong in character depiction and in entertaining qualities. The plot and action center around that time of panic in England (about 1830) when banks went down one after another like a row of cards. I can remember only two novels that have succeeded as well

HUGH WALPOLE

[1] The Cathedral. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.
[2] The Wind Bloweth. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. $2.
[3] Command. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.90.
[4] Anne Severn and the Fieldings. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.
[5] Overlooked. By Maurice Baring. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.
[6] Ovington's Bank. By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.90.

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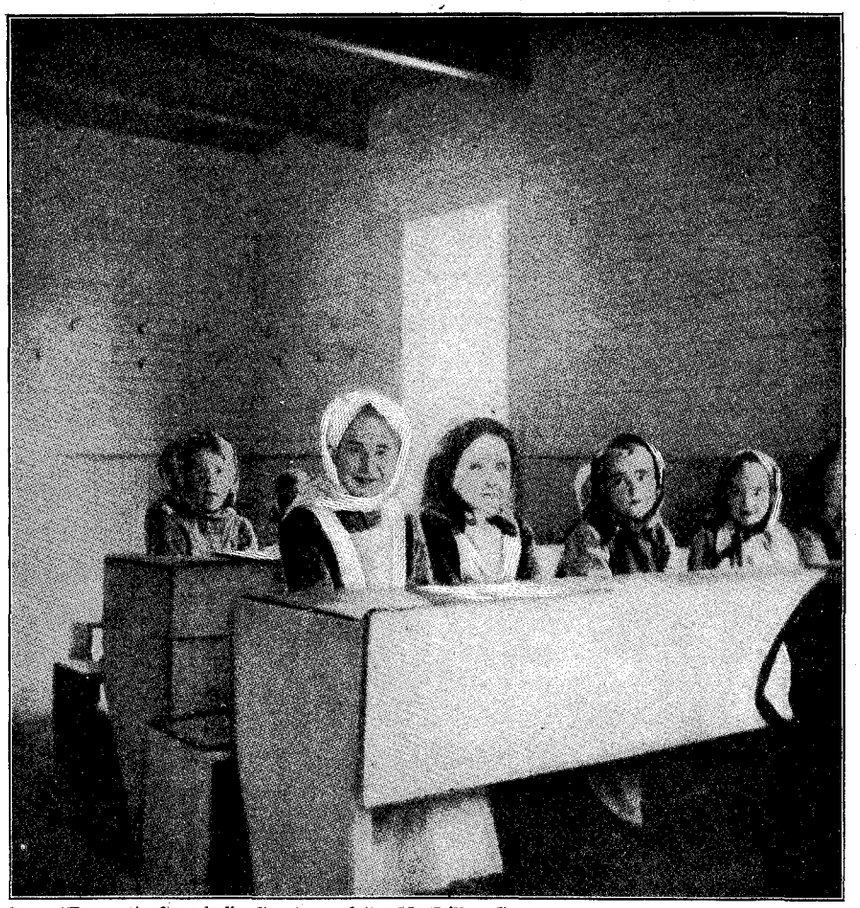
as this does in making banking a thrilling theme—Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" and Harold Frederick's "Market Place." But the love and jealousy part of the book are even stronger than its historic interest. The book has plot and movement in abundance. Particularly salient is the grim old Tory hater of modern ideas, Squire Griffin, who despises the "upstart" banker but saves the bank in its last extremity.

The dog is having his literary day. He came delightfully to the front in Mr. Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins," and now the best part of Don Marquis's "The Revolt of the Oyster"[1] is that section which gives us stories of dogs who own boys and tell us about the boys' doings from the dog side. Any one who enjoyed Tarkington's boys will like these boys, and every one who likes dogs will rejoice in these dogs. There are other good things in the book, especially "The Saddest Man," but one decidedly prefers the dogs to the oysters.

R. D. TOWNSEND.



From "Romantic Canada." Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

A MENNONITE SCHOOL IN CANADA—ON THE GIRLS' SIDE

THE NEW BOOKS

DRAMA

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. The Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. $2.50.

Mr. Clark brings out a new edition of a volume originally issued five years ago. The book contains one play by each of three great modern, but not contemporary, Spanish dramatists: "The Great Galeoto" of Echegaray; "The Duchess of San Quentin," by Benito Perez-Galdos; and "Daniela," by the Catalan dramatist Angel Guimerá. All of these writers—Galdos being perhaps better known in this country as a novelist than as a playwright—belong to the period during which the Spanish theater was responding to the naturalism of Ibsen by producing a drama no less naturalistic in its intention than Ibsen's, though far less naturalistic in its expression. Echegaray, though strictly national in his subject-matter, came closest of any Spanish playwright to adopting the technique which swept all before it in the eighties of the last century. Galdos, evolving his technique largely from his practice of fiction, wrote soberly and skillfully of Spanish social life as he saw it. Guimerá, an ardent Nationalist among the Catalans, studied only the life of his native province, and, refusing to write in Spanish, gave Catalonia a dramatic literature in its own language. Echegaray and Galdos are now dead, and Guimerá, an old man, has ceased to write. They represent the older generation, which, in the theater as in fiction, have been succeeded by younger Spanish writers—Benavente, the Quinteros, and others. But their art, as these plays show, is still vital, although its expression seems now and again outmoded. None the less they are among the important figures of modern Spanish literature, and the volume of translations from their works is an excellent introduction to the dramatic branch of that literature.

POETRY

CHOICE OF THE CROWD (THE). Edited by Charles J. Finger. The Golden Horseman Press, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

An anthology of verse compiled upon a novel principle is sufficiently a rarity to command attention, even though the verse contained were not in itself important. Mr. Finger, editor of "All's Well," has collected from his magazine those poems published during its first year which "found favor in the eyes of at least ten readers without ulterior motives" who cared enough about them to write in and express their opinion. The editor frankly admits that in many instances the judgment of his readers did not coincide with his; he prints, however, only the poems chosen by his readers.

What is chiefly remarkable, other than the sensitive and serious interest in poetry among readers of Mr. Finger's magazine which this anthology demonstrates, is the high level of the verse chosen. None of it is meretricious, none of it written with any deliberate effort to please an audience with either posture or cheapness. In most of the poems included there is a very evident perception of beauty, there is much striking imagery, there is the presence of emotion. The finest work in the book is in the sonnet form, the sonnets of Leslie Nelson Jennings and Harold Vinal measuring close to the fine excellence of George Sterling's "Three Sonnets on Beauty." But some of the poems in the newer modes have all the qualities for which those modes are best adapted—a certain hard clearness, an immediacy of sense impression in the transcription of life, a compact summation of mood and attitude. Mr. Finger's anthology is one of the most pertinent and interesting indications of how eager and how well prepared an audience exists in the United States for poetry of merit.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROMANTIC CANADA. By Victoria Hayward. Illustrated with Photographs by Edith S. Watson. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. $10.

This well-printed and finely illustrated book is a credit to the press of the Macmillan Company of Canada. Miss Watson has an unerring eye for the picturesque in the selection of subjects for her camera, and the large format gives her photographs unusual distinction. The author of the text, Miss Hayward, wandered in happy companionship with her photographic friend through a large part of Canada, both east and west, and the collaborators have worked in perfect harmony in making an unusual book. It emphasizes the pastoral and industrial element, one would say, rather than the scenic or historical aspect of its theme, but this treatment will doubtless make a wider appeal than any other would have done.

[1] The Revolt of the Oyster. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

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JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL HYGIENE

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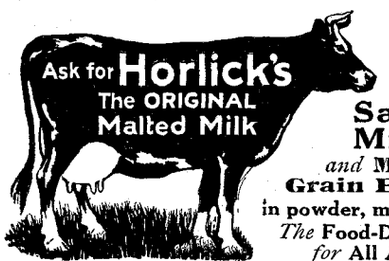

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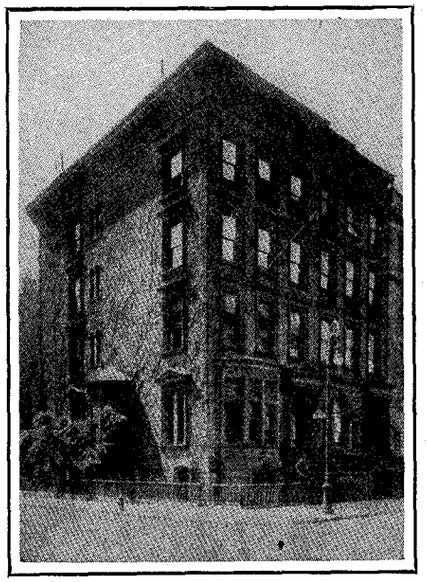
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TOO

THE adjective "homelike" is frequently applied by the active service men to the Soldiers and Sailors Club of New York, at 261 Madison Avenue, yet it must be quite different from many of the simple homes from which they come. The adjective is so distinctly their highest form of praise when they have been even in the large



HOME OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CLUB OF NEW YORK, INC., 261 MADISON AVENUE, CORNER THIRTY-NINTH STREET

and comfortable rooms of what was at one time a fashionable New York residence that one comes to the conclusion that it must be the friendliness of the place that gets into them, rather than its appearance. Appearances have a good deal to do with it, however, for the Club is a corner house, with lots of windows, bright curtains, comfortable chairs and sofas, a billiard-table, writing-desks, clean dormitories, clean canteen and good food; and this all helps.

The Service Club was originally started by the War Work Community Service in West 46th Street. These men and women had, most of them, either been in France in service or had worked hard at home to keep up the morale of the troops. They saw no reason why the morale of the troops should not continue to be kept up when the actual need of their dying for their country was mercifully over. So when the New York branch of Community service went out of existence these men and women incorporated their Club under the name of the Soldiers and Sailors Club of New York, Inc., and it has lately finished its first year in its present club-house, 261 Madison Avenue.

The Committee (of which the Honorary Presidents are Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., Major-General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., Rear-Admiral Henry P. Huse, U. S. N., Major-General Harry C. Hale, U. S. A., and Major-General John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C.; and whose active officers are Mrs. Francis Rogers, President; Miss M. R. Beardsley and Colonel Bankhead, Vice-Presidents; Miss Martha White, secretary; Mr. Reune Martin, treasurer) decided that as all war work had originally been done for men of the three services, this Club should be for all active service men of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps and service men with honorable discharges for the first two weeks after their discharge. Disabled men from the Government hospitals are always welcome, and a special rest room in the Club has been attractively furnished for them by the Lest We Forget Committee.

It was suggested by some who did not know war work that the men of the three services would not mix, but the ones with experience knew that they were all good Americans and that uniforms would not matter.

It is the only club founded entirely for men of the three services that is left in New York out of the hundred or so which were maintained during the war It is a matter of pride to the Committee that they have kept up New York's reputation for being one of the friendliest, if not the friendliest, city in the States.

The sailors and marines have the Navy Club facilities at their disposal, which is of great value to them; but they also use the Soldiers and Sailors Club in large numbers, and the soldiers have no other club than this.

While the camps around New York continue to be full and the fleet to anchor in the river, New York, without question, will need these service clubs; and this undoubtedly means that they should be permanent institutions.

During the Spanish War a drawing by C. D. Gibson appeared in "Life." A young girl seated on a bench was gazing admiringly at a war-worn soldier; the soldier was saying, "Lord, no, lady, I ain't no hero, I'm jest a reg'lar." But we have found during the last war that the "regulars" were heroes. We acclaimed them as such, we made much of them. They are ready to be heroes all over again, to-morrow or whenever we need them. In the meantime, because we do not actually need them to risk their lives to protect their country, are we to be any the less their friends?

While the Club is partially self-sustaining and much of the work there is volunteer, it is dependent on subscriptions and gifts for its general upkeep. It is hoped that many who read this article will go to see the Club for themselves and may be interested in having a share, at least, in its continuing success.

To help these men to live for their country is a longer task than to cheer them off to their troop ships or to participate in their home welcome, and therefore it is a harder one; but the worthwhileness of it is one of the surest things in the world.

Checks may be sent to Reune Martin, Treasurer, in care of the Soldiers and Sailors Club of New York, 261 Madison Avenue.

* * *

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

JOSEPH DANZIGER'S "The Vicious Circle of European Finance" should be considered long and seriously. Mr. Danziger can be relied upon to present his facts, not only clearly and fairly, but with authority. He has made a thorough study of financial and economic conditions in Germany, having spent several years abroad, first as war correspondent behind the German lines in Belgium, and later in Germany itself, where he collected material destined for the bulletin for the Department of Commerce of which he speaks in his article. Mr. Danziger's article "See Germany Last," which appeared in The Outlook of July 5, created a great deal of discussion.

"THE TURNING OF THE TIDE" combines the work of two Russians. The text of the article is by Miss Natalie de Bogory, the daughter of a Russian revolutionist, who has carried on extensive investigations among Slavonic immigrants since she came to America and at one time had charge of the Foreign Information Division of the United States Employment Bureau. The illustrations are by Mr. Usa Gombarg, a Russian caricaturist, who has recently come to America. Mr. Gombarg visited one of the piers from which emigrants were leaving for their own countries so that he could find representative types with which to illustrate the article.

GEORGE L. MOORE, in a letter to the editors, claims the distinction of being the only American in Europe "not investigating conditions." After reading his article on Hungary, however, we feel that even without purposeful intent Mr. Moore has managed rather successfully to get the attitude of the Hungarians toward Bolshevism. Mr. Moore is a graduate of Wesleyan College and a writer for the newspapers.

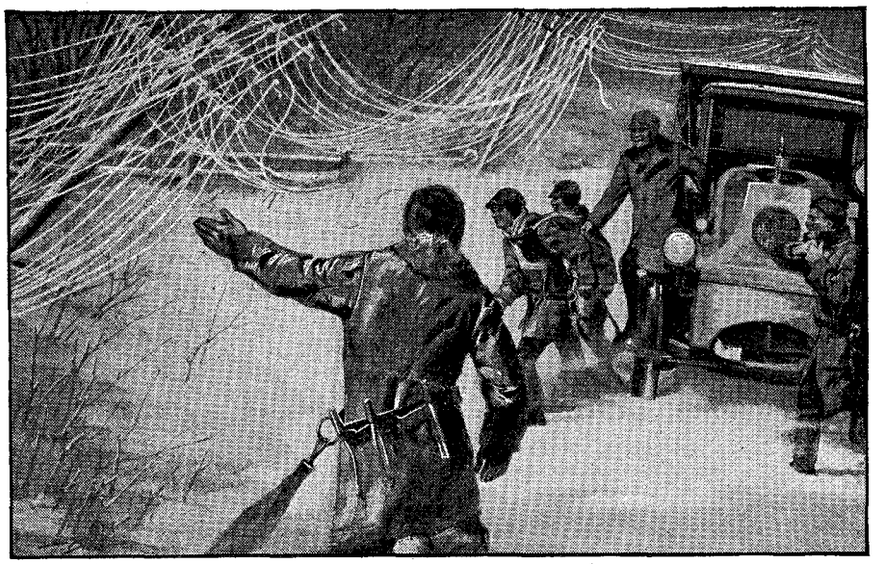
LEWIS EDWIN THEISS is the author of "Why Not Clean up the Milk in the Country?" the article which we announced recently as being of appeal to both producers and consumers. Mr. Theiss has written articles dealing with everything from coal to milk and from oysters to steel.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, secretary of The Outlook Company, who represented The Outlook at the Paris Conference and the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, is at present in Washington following the course of the Government's foreign policy.

A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

Cash payment, from $1 to $5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook. Cartoons will not be returned. Each one should be marked with name and address of sender to assure payment if accepted. Photographs should be sent with return postage inclosed.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own.



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When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

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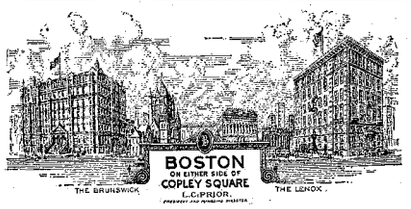

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

$5,000 REWARD

WE listened to a man tell anecdotes of Wall Street the other day, a man who has studied this fascinating spot for more than a score of years. He is not in the "Street" himself, but is in close touch with its activities and has many friends there. One story he told gives much food for thought.

Fifteen years or more ago, he said, a man whom he knew slightly came to him and asked him how soon he could wind up his business. The answer was, naturally, that the time was more or less dependent upon the inducements offered. It developed that the questioner was a man who had been a broker for forty years; he was about to retire, and was setting his nephew up in business, giving him a seat on the Stock Exchange and a credit of $500,000 as capital. He offered our friend a half-interest in the new firm. The offer was not accepted, but that does not affect the point of the story. It seems that the uncle had drawn up articles of agreement for his nephew to sign, and they were read at a meeting of the interested parties. One clause stipulated that under no consideration was the nephew to speculate. The nephew demurred, objecting that it

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ight be expedient for him to do so at imes. "I won't argue with you," said he uncle. "I'll merely add another clause to the contract, providing that in exchange for every name and address you furnish me of a man who has been a consistent speculator in Wall Street and who has quit ahead of the game I vill give you $5,000."

Well, our friend who was telling the tory said that for fifteen years the nephew and he himself had been looking for some one who met these qualifications, but absolutely without success. It seems like a pretty large statement, and n the face of it incredible. Certainly it is neither fair nor correct to spread the impression that no one ever made noney in Wall Street. Lots of people have, and when people lose money somebody gets it; it doesn't evaporate. What our friend meant was that the outsider who goes down to some brokerage office, plays" the market, buys on margin, and xpects to win is practically certain, not only not to win, but to lose all he has. And he's just about right. Such a man is a gambler; the odds are against him, and in the long run he is sure to lose.

Why is it?

In the first place, he is playing the ther fellow's game, and that, at the start, is a serious handicap. A man may e an extremely successful manufacturer, but that is no indication of his ability to beat the stock market. He would laugh at a broker who started out with no experience to compete with him in his manufacturing business, and his merriment would be justified. Yet how many anufacturers, lawyers, doctors, ministers, school-teachers, business and professional men of all sorts and descriptions, have speculated in stocks, and learned only through experience that a gambling game they know nothing about is a costly amusement.

In the second place, a man who speculates in stocks has commissions and interest charges to pay, and before his purchases show a profit they must advance far enough in price to cover these items. For instance, if a man buys 100 shares of stock selling at $100 a share, and he puts up a ten-point margin, he must borrow the $9,000 balance from the broker and pay him interest on this amount. Further, he is losing the interest on the $1,000 he has put up in cash; and then there are the broker's commissions for buying the stock, and more commissions when he sells. So that if he holds the stock for any length of time he must sell at a considerable advance merely to get his money back. In addition to having the odds of ignorance against him, he is handicapped by the financial odds, and these two things in themselves are enough to defeat most people.

There is psychology against the speculator in the third place, and in the long run this beats him, if nothing else does. Let us take the hypothetical case of a man who has $10,000 to speculate with. He expects to win; but suppose he starts off a loser. Suppose he loses $100 on his first venture. He tries again, planning to get that back and more besides. Sup-

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BALTIMORE: Calvert and Redwood Sts.
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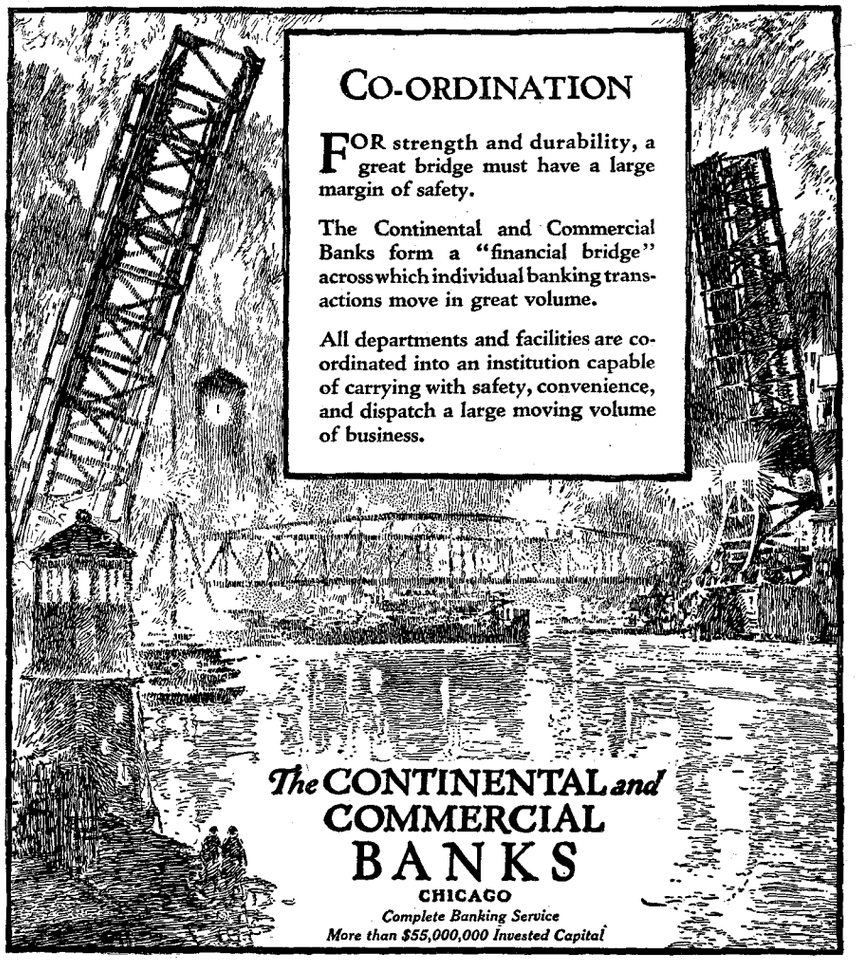
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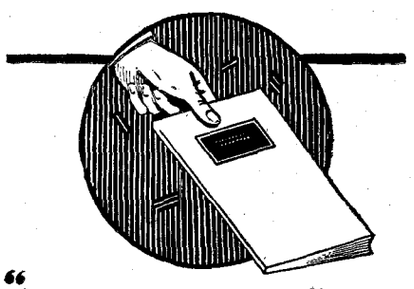

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(*Continued*)

pose he loses $900 this time; he is $1,000 out of pocket. But he has $9,000 left, and if the thought of quitting comes to him he puts it aside, for no gambler quits when he is behind. He tries again, and again he loses. He keeps on trying, and his losses keep mounting. Eventually, of course, he quits, but only when his money is gone, his credit has vanished, and he has no other option. In other words, the speculator who loses stops speculating only when his capital is lost, and not before. This is simple psychology. On the other hand, suppose he starts winning instead of losing. When does he quit?

Our friend who was relating the Wall Street stories stated a hypothetical case similar to the other, and asked the question this time about the man who starts out a winner. In his opinion, the answer as applied to the man who wins at the start is exactly the same as in the case of the loser; he quits when all his money is gone. "And you've never known such a speculator as you describe to quit a winner?" he was asked. "Yes," he said, "I did know one, a man who would have qualified me for the $5,000 too. He was killed by a trolley car in a bull market." His explanation was that a man who speculates, and the word implies that he is trying to win, is certainly not going to stop so long as he is winning. That is what he set out to do, and why quit while his purpose is being accomplished? But he doesn't win always. The odds are against him, and in the end they will down him surely. Certainly it has worked out this way in myriads of instances. We are told that the bucket shops like their customers to win at the start, because that means they will retain them longer, get more commissions and interest out of them, and find them generally more worth while.

This is not an attack upon Wall Street. It is merely a brief account of what happens to people with little capital and less knowledge who use Wall Street for the purpose of speculation. And the same thing applies to these people if they speculate in stocks on any other exchange, or on no exchange at all. It is interesting, too, that usually the bitterest attacks upon the exchanges are launched—if the truth be known—by people who have been beaten by the stock game they tried to beat and failed. Stock exchanges are not only entirely legitimate organizations, but they are necessary to the business life of the Nation. They have a proper function to perform, and they perform it with astonishing efficiency and despatch. And should Wall Street be blamed if foolish people abuse its privileges? Wall Street, of course, does receive a large share of the blame, and every one knows how easy it is to make political capital out of attacks upon it. And every one should know, too, that much of the blame Wall Street receives is entirely undeserved. Last year it is said that the people of this country lost $500,000,000 through stock speculations. We feel justified in saying, however, that if the advice given by the officials of the New York Stock Exchange and the reputable banking interests of Wall Street had been followed this amount would have been cut at least in half.

Most business failures are the result of ignorance and mismanagement. The best method of overcoming mismanagement we know of is not to attempt anything of which one is ignorant. How many people are qualified to indulge in stock speculation? How many people can furnish the name and address of some one who would entitle the nephew of the broker with forty years' experience to claim the $5,000 reward? In four decades, this man said, he had never run across such a person himself.

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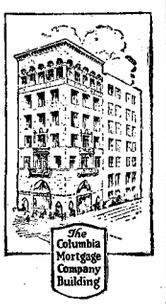

A FORECAST FOR 1923

BY IRVING T. BUSH

As President of the great Bush Terminal Company and of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, Mr. Irving T. Bush speaks with authority and a wide understanding of current business conditions. The following forecast, written by Mr. Bush for the New York "Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin," will, we believe, be of particular interest to those of our readers who are endeavoring to secure an accurate estimate of fundamental conditions as affecting business during 1923.—EDITORS' NOTE.

I LOOK for continued improvement in business for several months to come, and possibly for the entire year of 1923. In any event, I expect conditions to be substantially better than they were in the first half of 1922. My only reason for limiting my point of view to a period of months is that there are so many uncertain elements abroad from which, while not directly involved, we cannot escape from sympathetic effect.

European matters are approaching a

(*Continued on page 195*)

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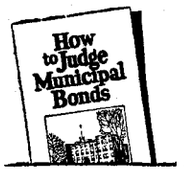

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"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
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PRIVATE PARTY TO SOUTH AMERICA
may secure services of experienced conductor speaking Spanish and French. Excellent ref. M. L. Flint, 1507 M St. N.W., Washington, D.C.

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A homelike Hotel, modern equipment, centrally located. A delightful water front with unsurpassed sea bathing, boating, fishing, tennis and dancing. **Nearest Hotel to the 18-hole Mid-Ocean and 9-hole Prospect Golf Courses.**

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Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A. Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

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WARM—MOST COMFORTABLE
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Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. KNOTT Management.

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West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
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Pocono Manor Winter Inn

American Plan Moderate Rates
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The happy land of winter sports and health-giving rest. Skiing, skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing. Bracing climate, excellent food, comfortable rooms, personal attention.
The ideal week-end trip.

Less than three hours from New York via the D. L. & W. R. R. It is suggested that reservations be made at once.

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Towanda, Pa., Woodligh. Luxurious country home—beautiful estate; accessible L. V. R. R.; owner trained nurse. Fine air, good food, steam heat, open wood fires, electricity. Rooms en suite with private baths, sun parlors, automobiles, horses; simple life. For booklet address Miss ELIZABETH LAMB

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Private Hospital
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

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Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Chronic invalid, paralysis, rheumatism, kindred complaints; **cheerful room** in attractive **home** of **graduate nurse.** Highest references. Adelaide Corbett, 345 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J. 'Phone Orange 4682.

Howe Home—For elderly women and women mentally unfit to care for themselves. Well recommended. Sixteen beds. 410 Jefferson Ave., Wheaton, *Illinois.* Phone 162.

Apartments

TO LET FURNISHED APARTMENT in Hotel Margaret, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, for 1 month, Feb. 9 to Mar. 9. Inquire of Apartment 108, Margaret Hotel.

Live Stock

White Scotch Collies

Ideal dog for city or country, guardian for baby, pal for son, defender for daughter, comfort to mother. Herd any kind of animals. Beautiful, hardy, healthy, country grown pedigree stock. Pair will raise $300 worth of puppies a year. The kind we sent to Captain Amundsen for North Pole trip. Write us what you need a dog for.
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A FORECAST FOR 1923

(*Continued from page 193*)

crisis. They probably will take a turn either for better or worse during 1923—I hope for the better. If sane counsels prevail, more of the débris of war will be cleared away and future progress made possible. If this occurs, we will hold our own improvement and be affected favorably by the improvement in Europe. If it does not occur, we will still hold the major part of our own improvement, but will suffer sympathetically because of bad conditions abroad.

In the United States forced liquidation has practically ended, and industry is reviving because our own home markets demand and are capable of consuming a much greater volume of merchandise than was produced a year ago. The nations of the world which produce raw materials and were not involved in the World War are still producing, and shipping will be better because it will be possible to move these commodities to this country and to other consuming nations where the buying power is not impaired. The buying power in the United States, while less than at the height of our boom, is still substantial and is increasing.

In a general way, the outlook for 1923 for the American business man who works hard and who is careful and efficient is for continued prosperity.

There is danger that we may let our sympathies draw us into an effort to revive the industrial life of Europe before Europe is ready to meet us half-way. What is needed now is a show-down of cold facts, the elimination of a few politicians, and the introduction of sound business judgment. European leaders say they cannot adjust their internal problems unless we substantially reduce our claim for the repayment of the debts owed by Europe to this country. Our officials claim that these debts are property, and therefore directly and only under the control of Congress, and that no one has authority to speak upon the subject of such debts except in accordance with the rigid lines laid down by Congress.

I am not in favor of any wholesale canceling of European debts, but I believe the American people are tired of noble gestures and glittering generalities, and will welcome a show-down of facts before a commission of American business men capable of recognizing what the facts mean and of formulating a common-sense business programme.

This does not mean a commission made up of brothers-in-law of politicians or a few financial leaders whose report would not be accepted as disinterested by the people of the country. It means a commission made up of business men and bankers so highly regarded that the people would accept their judgment. There should be added representatives from Congress and the Senate of both great political parties. Such a commission could accomplish the desired result only by working in co-operation with similar representatives from Europe. There are signs that something of this kind may take place. It will be well for the world if it does.

The different nations of Europe cannot expect to secure more than the facts justify, and the people of this country, when they know what the facts really are, are willing to accept them as a basis for any necessary international adjustment, providing the people of Europe adjust their difficulties upon the same basis of business sense.

To Real Estate Owners and Dealers

All indications point to an active and profitable spring market for real estate. You are interested in reaching possible buyers.

The Outlook will issue three special Real Estate Numbers, dated February 21, March 21, and April 18. A small advertisement in these special issues will enable you to reach thousands of prospective buyers and renters.

In the three corresponding special issues for 1921 The Outlook published 337 separate real estate advertisements.

In the same issues for 1922 The Outlook carried 353 real estate advertisements.

The steady growth in volume of real estate advertising is the best indication of the particular value of The Outlook in bringing consistent results.

The rate for real estate advertising is only 60 cents a line. We will be glad to aid you in the preparation of copy. Write us promptly, sending full information regarding your property.

REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BOARD AND ROOMS

CONTRALTO wishes room with practice privileges in Protestant home (New York), preferably near West Side subway. Must be reasonable rent. Details in first letter. 3,230, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS needed for January, February, and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¼x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, $2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper or children's nurse for two children 11 and 6. Children's mending and general care of two bedrooms and bath required. Position needs a woman with initiative and good judgment who likes children and is interested in them. Highest personal references as to character and qualifications required. Apply 1583 Mistletoe Drive, Cleveland, O.

HOUSEKEEPER, working. New York suburb. Must be fond of children. Write, stating references, salary desired. 3,221, Outlook.

WANTED, capable, intelligent young woman, 25 to 35 years, who would take place as second maid in small (2) quiet family in Mid-Western city. Must be willing and able to assume some responsibility. Good needlewoman, as mending and some household sewing is desired. Liberal pay and pleasant surroundings to person meeting requirements. Address 3,228, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, trained, desires position with lady or couple traveling in Europe or going South for winter. 3,217, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG man with a wide and varied experience in child welfare work, recently superintendent of an orphanage, desires executive or sub-executive position. Conversant in French, Italian, and German. Capable grade a hool teacher. Best of references. 3,033, Outlook.

BRITISH EX-OFFICER, age 30, of OLD COUNTY FAMILY, DESIRES POSITION of private secretary or similar administrative capacity. College education, of highest social standing. Extensively traveled, ambitious, adaptable, and never too tired to make good. Will travel or do anything. Unimpeachable references. Address R. Gage-Fowell, Box 1112 Dorland Agency, 16 Regent St., London, Eng.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

ENGLISH lady would like position as useful companion, or would take entire charge of one child. Capable, experienced, traveled, good shopper, also excellent needlewoman. New York preferred. 3,203, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman desires position as companion or nursery governess with family going abroad for summer. References. 3,214, Outlook.

NURSE, Protestant, desires situation as lady's companion or child's nurse. 3,219, Outlook.

DEAFENED adult desires residential position to do plain sewing and care of children's wardrobes. 7 years' experience. 3,215, Outlook.

POSITION desired as companion by an agreeable, refined Protestant lady; good reader, sewer, shopper, and housekeeper. Best of references. 3,227, Outlook.

NURSE, practical, gentlewoman, middle-aged traveled, educated, congenial, capable, far above average, highest references, will care for semi-invalid. Sews and reads well. Mrs. Van Alen, care Thompson, 342 West 71st St., New York.

CULTURED woman, Christian, experienced traveler, would like position as companion to lady going abroad for the summer months. Capable of arranging and managing trip. 3,232, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady desires position as companion to elderly lady. Will travel. Mrs. F. Anderson, 192 Caroline St., Derby, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

LITERARY man, Harvard graduate, would give services as tutor or companion for his expenses on tour of the world or shorter trip. Answer to The Outlook. References given. 3,220, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as governess. Excellent references. Telephone Plainfield, 575-W., or write 22 Melrose Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave, New York City.

LECTURER on "The Joys of Living" will solve YOUR club's financial problem. 3,216, Outlook.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples References. 309 West 99th St.

FOR adoption, boy, 3 to 4½ years old, good Protestant stock. Unusual opportunity. Arrangements through Dr. Louis Fischer, 33 West 73d St., New York City.

Your Wants

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS Address Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

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Landing Passengers directly at Hamilton Dock avoiding inconvenience of transfer by tender.
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S. S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"
Each 14,000 tons displacement
Modern Hotels—No Passports—All Sports
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For illustrated Booklets write to
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Twofold "Aristocrat" Stationery For business or personal use
100 sheets, 75 envelopes, 3¾x7½ fine bond paper $1.49, printed with your name and address. Add 10% West of Denver.
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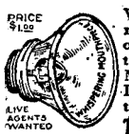

Wonderful sanitary whispering telephone mouthpiece enables you to talk freely without being overheard. Hold secret conversation. Every advantage of a booth telephone. Made of glass, quickly cleaned and washed. Instantly adjusted. Money back if not more than pleased. Sent postpaid for $1.00.
THE COLYTT LABORATORIES – Dept. 15
565 W. Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

TARPON INN
Tarpon Springs
FLORIDA
VERY REASONABLE RATES
"The Venice of the South"
GOLF FISHING BOATING HUNTING
LOCATED on the west coast of Florida, 233 miles from Jacksonville, and west from Tampa 28 miles. The Inn is the best planned tourist hotel in Florida, accommodating 200 guests. Each room equipped with bath, telephone and beautifully furnished. Thru Pullmans from the North. Rocky Point Golf Course, 18 holes, Clubhouse, Luncheons, Shower Baths. Is open for guests of Tarpon Inn. Transportation to and from links frequently and reasonable.
GEORGE Q. PATTEE, Proprietor

BY THE WAY

DRUG stores kept by colored men are sufficiently novel in the North to attract the attention of passers-by. One store of this sort in Brooklyn has a sign in the window reading:

MEDICAL PREPARATIONS
FOR CONJURED PAINS AND MISERY

The word "conjured" caught the eye of one reader, and he inquired of the druggist what it meant. "A 'conjured' pain," was the answer, "means to me a long-standing trouble that is more or less unexplained in its origin." "But doesn't the word suggest witchcraft? Have you never read the story called 'The Conjure Woman,' by Charles W. Chesnutt, himself a colored man?" "No, sir; and I'm not interested so much as to how people think these pains begin as I am in curing them. Now this bottle contains a fine remedy for rheumatism. Perhaps you'd like to try a bottle? See, it says on the label, 'A remedy for conjured pain and misery.' Doesn't that exactly describe rheumatism?"

Another curious sign in a New York store window reads: "Vermin Exterminators. Our Exterminatine Work Guaranteed." The need for a new word was apparently felt here, and the worker had the courage of his convictions.

A help wanted advertisement in a New York daily reads as follows:

> Writer, experience, man, woman, to edit novel (romance-adventure) and add flowery style; royalty basis. Address ——, etc.

One would like to know whose "flowery style" is his model.

"Before I married," said the middle-aged man, as reported by "Pearson's Weekly," "I was terribly extravagant. I went to theaters and dances all the time, smoked cigars, drank champagne. But now—well, I live a quiet life at home, smoke shag, and drink water." "What a strong will it must need to change like that," said the young bachelor. "Yes, she has a very strong will."

From the "Washington Sun Dodger:"
"Lost my note-book!"
"Lost all you know, huh?"
"No, lost all my professors know."

The English language is still a puzzle to many Japanese wireless operators, according to a contributor to the "Radio News." As an illustration, he says, an American operator on an Alaskan steamer heard a Japanese operator working and asked for his position and who he was. The reply came back that he was Taki somebody and that he was working in the radio room. Another American operator inquired regarding the report of a great typhoon in mid-ocean, and the Japanese replied that it was an ill wind that blowed no one any great favor. Another questioner asked whether the Chinese had instituted a boycott on certain American-made goods. The Japanese operator answered that so far as he knew there had been no boys captured by the Chinese for some time.

The United States is said to rank twelfth among the nations in percentage of savings accounts to each 1,000 of population. According to statistics recently printed in the "Bankers Monthly," savings accounts in leading nations are as follows:

Australia	556 per 1000
New Zealand	554 per 1000
Switzerland	506 per 1000
Denmark	438 per 1000
Sweden	432 per 1000
Germany	419 per 1000
Belgium	408 per 1000
Japan	407 per 1000
England	364 per 1000
Italy	223 per 1000
France	205 per 1000
United States	114 per 1000

The climate of the sunny South, a newspaper article says, is more favorable to longevity than are the rigors of the North. In 1920, according to Government records, nine people in Memphis, Tennessee, had attained the age of one hundred years or more, while Boston had only one centenarian. Other cities of North and South had similarly contrasting records. "In Mexico," the article continues, "there are more than 1,000 living centenarians, and that amazingly large ratio of one in every 17,000, perhaps not exceeded by any other country on the globe, probably is due to the mild highland climate and the easy-going habits of the great generality of the people, with their custom of an after-lunch nap or siesta."

Fifty-eight persons in this country, according to the New York "World," carry life insurance of a million dollars or more. Adolph Zukor heads the list with $5,000,000, and three other movie celebrities have insurance policies of $1,000,000 each—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charles Chaplin.

A medical journal clips the following from a daily paper's "How to Keep Well" column and heads it "Educating the Public:"

WHEN SALT IS HARMFUL

E. D. H. writes: Members of our family demand a great deal of salt for seasoning food.

Is salt injurious in any way to one's system?

REPLY

Too much salt is harmful. It holds too much water in the tissues.

It is a condiment, and the overuse of condiments is harmful.

Missionaries to cannibal land avoid excess of salt, since the natives regard a highly salted missionary as highly appetizing.

A placard in a Minneapolis restaurant is said to read thus:

IF YOUR WIFE CAN'T COOK
DON'T ABUSE HER
EAT HERE
AND KEEP HER FOR A PET.

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